HAMILTON, A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

MARY P HAMLIN

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Mary P. Hamlin and George Arliss

HAMILTON

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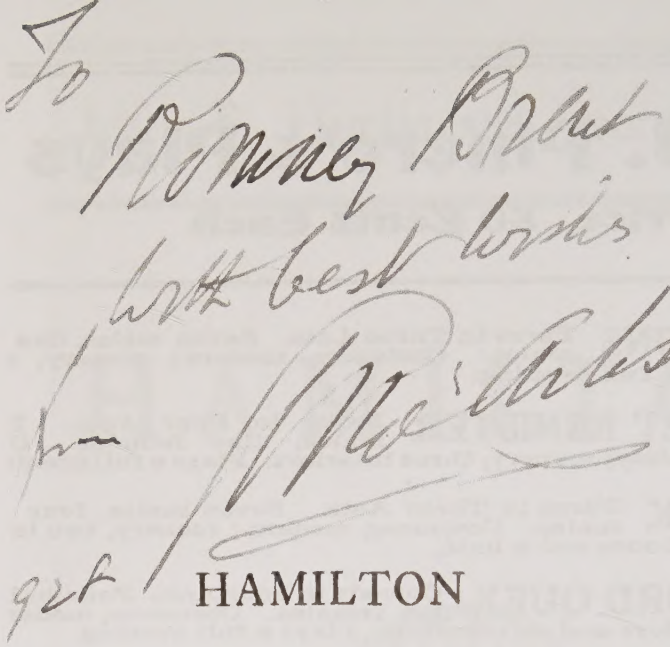

HAMILTON

HAMILTON

A Play in Four Acts

By

MARY P. HAMLIN and GEORGE ARLISS

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1918

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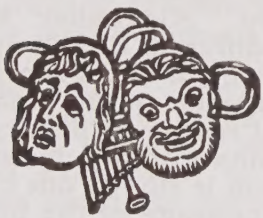
Hamilton

CHARACTERS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.
GENERAL SCHUYLER.
THOMAS JEFFERSON.
JAMES MONROE.
WILLIAM B. GILES.
COUNT TALLYRAND.
JOHN JAY, *Chief Justice.*
ZEKIEL.
JAMES REYNOLDS.
COLONEL LEAR.
FIRST MAN.

BETSY HAMILTON.
ANGELICA CHURCH.
MRS. REYNOLDS.
SOLDIER'S WIFE.
MELISSA.



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MARY P. HAMLIN AND GEORGE ARLISS
(*As an unpublished dramatic composition*)

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Authors' Preface

This play is written for the stage. It is written with a desire to convey to the audience that the builders of the foundation of the American Republic were real people, and not merely a procession of nice gray-headed old gentlemen who were mainly occupied in sitting for their portraits to Gilbert Stuart and John Trumbull.

Probably no keen admirer of Alexander Hamilton will be fully satisfied with the play. But the authors console themselves with the reflection that no playwright could do justice to the power and scope of this remarkable man within the limits of an evening's entertainment. In writing a play dealing with a great historical figure it is necessary to select an incident that brings out boldly the predominant characteristics of the hero. Having decided upon the incident, it is advisable not to befog it by the introduction of other important episodes however much they may redound to the credit of the central figure, or however much you may be tempted to use them. Alexander Hamilton achieved distinction in so many different directions—as a shipping clerk, as a soldier, as a powerful and graceful writer, as an orator, as a tactician, as a master of the financial policy of Nations—that to the casual reader of history it might seem difficult to discover this dominant characteristic. But to the student and lover of Hamilton it stands out clear and well-defined—Courage. Not the courage of the blind egoist or of the imperious politician, but the courage which had its roots in love of truth and of honorable dealing.

And so the authors chose the incident which forms the basis of this play. In their opinion, no single event could be found that displays this fine quality of courage more surely and more definitely than the course adopted by Hamilton in the face of the attack by his political enemies. Those descendants of Alexander Hamilton whom the authors have

had the honor of meeting, have expressed their satisfaction at the selection of this incident; and the authors feel that it is no breach of confidence to record that they have received words of praise from the two men who know more about Hamilton than perhaps anybody in America—two of his keenest admirers—Senator Lodge and Nicholas Murray Butler.

The historical record on which the play is founded can be seen by any student who is so far interested, by applying to the Lenox Library in New York. It is known as the "Reynolds Pamphlet" and is the document written by Alexander Hamilton himself.

The play keeps very close to history. The main incidents are, in all essential details, historically correct. It has been necessary to take some few liberties but these are of minor importance. The dialogue is not written precisely as it might have been spoken at the end of the eighteenth century. The authors believed that a slavish attempt to eliminate all words and phrases that were probably not in vogue at the time would result in many instances in tedious phraseology and a certain artificiality, which they particularly desired to avoid. They have however endeavored on the whole to maintain the atmosphere of the period.

The stage directions are designed and intended for the guidance of the actors and not for the entertainment of the reader. There is a growing tendency amongst writers of plays to introduce long and humorous stage directions that are often very entertaining in the library but very dangerous and misleading for the stage. They are misleading to a producer because they frequently make a scene appear to be very sparkling, while it is in reality exceedingly dull—the sparkle being confined exclusively to the stage-directions. They are dangerous for the actor because they make him believe that his part is a great deal better than it really is, and so he is apt to regard his audience as stupid because their intelligence fails to appreciate subtleties that he detected at the reading. In reality it is the author who is to blame; he has let the actors into certain dark secrets connected with their characters, without giving them the ghost of an opportunity, through the dialogue or situation, of conveying these confidences to the audience.

(*Program of original performance given at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, New Jersey, September 6, 1917. Produced with the same cast at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 17, 1917.*)

Knickerbocker Theatre

GEORGE ARLISS

(*Direction Klaw & Erlanger and George C. Tyler*)

In

"HAMILTON"

A New Play in Four Acts, Dealing with the Life of Alexander Hamilton During the Period of Washington's Administration

By MARY P. HAMLIN and GEORGE ARLISS

THE PLAYERS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON	*George Arliss*
THOMAS JEFFERSON	*Carl Anthony*
JAMES MONROE	*Hardee Kirkland*
WILLIAM B. GILES	*John D. Ravold*
GEN. PHILIP SCHUYLER	*George Woodward*
COUNT TALLYRAND	*Guy Favieres*
JAMES REYNOLDS	*Pell Trenton*
ZEKIEL	*James O. Barrow*
CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN JAY	*Wilson Day*
COLONEL LEAR	*Harry Maitland*
CITIZEN	*C. M. Van Clief*
BETSY HAMILTON	*Mrs. Arliss*
ANGELICA CHURCH	*Marion Barney*
MRS. REYNOLDS	*Jeanne Eagels*
MELISSA	*Katharine Hayden*
MRS. ZACHARY WHALEN	*Gillian Scaife*

THE SCENES

ACT I.—The Exchange Coffee House in Philadelphia.
ACT II.—A room in Alexander Hamilton's house in Philadelphia. (The office of the Secretary of the Treasury.)
ACT III.—The same. (Six weeks later.)
ACT IV.—A reception room in Alexander Hamilton's house. (The next morning.)

The play produced under the stage direction of Dudley Digges.

COSTUMES

ACT I

JEFFERSON. Cutaway coat of period, dark, heavy material brown corduroy breeches and vest ; top boots to knees, plain leather, not polished ; stock and plain fall ; three-cornered black hat ; wig as in plates or paintings.

MONROE. Dark green cutaway coat and breeches, light fancy vest ; silk stockings, colonial shoes with buckles, stock and lace fall, three-cornered black hat ; walking stick. Dark tie wig.

GILES. Light brown corduroy, long square cut coat, knee-breeches, snuff-colored plaid vest, stock and fall and hat. Dark tie wig.

TALLYRAND. Cinnamon cutaway coat ; silk vest, black and white stripes, black silk knee-breeches, silk stockings and shoes ; long black cane with tassel ; large Napoleonic hat with black feather ; white stock and elaborate lace fall ; jewelry, chains, rings, etc. Auburn wig not tied.

SCHUYLER. Wine colored coat and breeches ; dark green flowered vest, silk stockings and shoes ; stock and lace fall ; three-cornered beaver hat trimmed with silk ribbon ; walking stick, white tie wig.

REYNOLDS. Prussian blue coat with tails ; fancy flowered vest ; buff colored riding breeches ; top boots, plain leather ; stock and fall ; gray, three-cornered hat ; dark tie wig.

MELISSA. Buff colored skirt, three-quarters length; short armed, black bodice, laced down centre ; fancy apron ; shoes and stockings.

CITIZENS AND QUAKERS. Costumes of period.

ACT II

HAMILTON. Light gray moire silk coat and knee-breeches, lightish green fancy vest ; handsome stock and lace fall, gray silk stockings and colonial shoes with buckles. Medium fair tie wig.

SCHUYLER. As in Act I, with dark colonial cloak.

ZEKIEL. Snuff brown long square coat trimmed with black and steel buttons ; breeches of same material ; black stockings and shoes.

MRS. WHALEN. Long skirt, old dark material ; short sleeved bodice of same ; head-dress, a piece of worn-out lace ; shoes and stockings.

JEFFERSON. As in Act I.

MONROE. As in Act I.

TALLYRAND. Rich champagne colored coat with dark red velvet collar ; yellow silk breeches ; fancy vest of yellow material with pattern ; yellow silk stockings ; dark shoes ; long white cane with tassel ; champagne gloves ; hat as in Act I.

MRS. REYNOLDS. Very low coat, cream colored gown of empire style without sleeves and of a very light filmy material with silk petticoat to match ; stockings to match and shoes with straps across instep ; dark blue cloak of light material with hood, lined with emerald green silk.

ACT III

BETSY HAMILTON. Pale pink dress of fine light silk, low cut and without sleeves ; shoes and stockings.

ANGELICA. Street costume light brown silk with faint yellow plaid pattern ; a dress of pale yellow voile which hangs in a panel down front ; bodice with long sleeves and tulle trimming ; large picture hat with tulle and marabou trimming ; light blue silk shawl with black tassels and jet buttons on corners.

HAMILTON. Old rose suit of fine silk ; fancy vest with delicate pink pattern ; black hat and cane.

JEFFERSON. Tight-fitting dark cutaway coat with knee-breeches and buff colored vest ; black silk stockings and shoes ; stock and lace fall and hat.

MONROE. Slate gray coat and knee-breeches ; light fancy vest.

SCHUYLER. Dark green coat, flowered waistcoat ; black silk breeches.

GILES. As in Act I.

JUDGE JAY. Blue coat and breeches, gray vest ; blue stockings, shoes ; stock and fall ; gray tie wig.

ACT IV

BETSY. Street costume of heavy dark blue silk with thin violet stripes ; hat with feather, gloves and silk shawl.

ANGELICA. Rich gown of heavy yellow silk with brocaded buff showing a panel in front of pale violet tulle ; short sleeves to elbow with lace trimmings.

HAMILTON. Black velvet suit.

COLONEL LEAR. Military costume of period.

JEFFERSON, MONROE, SCHUYLER AND JAY. As in Act III.

MRS. REYNOLDS. Long trailing skirt of white messaline with polka dot pattern and red stripe ; light gray tight fitting bodice with red tulle shawl ; light green bonnet with rose in front on long stem ; large feather muff.

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Hamilton

ACT I

SCENE.—*The Exchange Coffee House in Philadelphia, a morning in August, during Washington's first administration. It is a great room with low ceiling and neatly sanded floor. Against wall, back, are cupboards with shining pewter tankards and dishes. Centre, a great fireplace with wide stone hearth, and high-backed settles on each side. Running up right, table with chairs left of it at irregular intervals. Long seat right of table. Right, back, tub stands on floor and contains melons, cucumbers, bottles of wine and a pitcher of milk, cooling. Over fireplace is a large crimson silk liberty cap, with these words above in large letters, "Sacred to Liberty." On wall near is the following, in large print: "Breakfast—two shillings (fifty cents). Dinner, with grog or toddy—three shillings (seventy-five cents). Quart of Toddy—one and six (thirty-six cents). Bottle of Porter—two and six (sixty cents). Best Madeira—six shillings a quart (one dollar, fifty)." Entrances upper right and left, also door* L. 2 E.

A crowd of eight or ten men, including two or three Quakers, smoking churchwardens, discovered sitting, standing, drinking. Mainly men of the better class—not rabble. MELISSA, *the barmaid, is serving drinks. Men come and go during act.* JAMES REYNOLDS, *a handsome, dissipated ne'er-do-well of about thirty-five, slightly the worse for liquor, but not drunk, is centre of a somewhat jeering crowd at top of table right.* MONROE *is up left talking to some men.* GILES *is sitting at right of small table down left centre.* GILES *is reading some manuscript—possibly a draft of a Bill for Congress.*

As curtain rises there is a general hubbub, REYNOLDS' *voice dominant.* FIRST CITIZEN *is seated on down stage end of long seat right of table* R. *A* SECOND CITIZEN *is facing him, seated on a chair, another is on his left further upon seat. Three men are standing in a group up stage* R. C. *An old man is seated on settle right of fireplace reading "The Federalist." A man is seated on settle left of fireplace. He is playing chess with another who is seated on a chair in front of him. The chess-board is on a small round table between them. Two Quakers are standing near the door on the left.* MONROE *is conversing with them. The original flag of the United States, thirteen stars in circle and thirteen stripes, is on wall above inner door on left back. The chairs are all Windsor chairs, dark in color. Wainscoting about two feet six inches high. All woodwork in dark oak and walls and ceiling a neutral smoky gray.*

Round table down stage L. C. *with three chairs around it—two armchairs and one single chair.*

The high-back settles are set at an angle and start from the fireplace down stage on either side. They fit in between two thick upright posts which support a crossbeam. Similar posts are suggested right and left at either end of beam. Against the post R. C. *is a chair. Three windows in right flat and one similar window in same position is in kitchen seen through entrance up right back. Shelves and bottles in kitchen. Through door left back is backing with door and beyond the street.*

At rise MELISSA *is gathering up tankards and wiping off table right.*

REYNOLDS.

[*Standing on a chair at upper end of table* R.] I'm selling, I'm selling.

FIRST MAN.

[*Seated* R. *of table* R. *down stage end.*] Keep quiet there, will you?

REYNOLDS.

[*Loudly.*] I'm selling, I'm selling. States' securities for the price of printing. I'm selling—I'm selling!

FIRST MAN.

Can't hear ourselves speak.

REYNOLDS.

What's the use of keeping quiet? Where's a gentleman to do business if he can't do it at the Exchange Coffee House?

SECOND MAN.

[*Seated down* R. *other side of table.*] Oh—where's the gentleman?

FIRST MAN.

Send the gentleman here.

REYNOLDS.

I'm the gentleman. [*Laughter.*] I'm selling, I'm selling, I'm selling!

MEN.

Sit down.

FIRST MAN.

Melissa, a tankard of porter, my dear.

REYNOLDS.

I'm selling, I'm selling!

FIRST MAN.

Sit down, Reynolds! How can you be selling when there are no buyers! [*Enter* TALLYRAND *up* L. *at back.*] Ask that gentleman if he's nearly finished with the newspaper, Melissa.

[*You see some business between* MELISSA *and the man with the newspaper. He refuses to give it up.* MELISSA *then meets* TALLYRAND C. *at back. He has come on from street* L.

REYNOLDS.

[*Coming down stage* C.] Don't any of you gentlemen want to make easy money? I'm offering you states' securities for the price of the printing.

Here's a hundred dollars going to the highest bidder. Will any one bid five? [*Holding up a paper.*

FIRST MAN.

What state is it on?

REYNOLDS.

South Carolina. [*Laughter from the crowd.*

FIRST MAN.

I'll give you sixpence for it. [*Louder laughter.*

GILES.

[*Seated* R. *of round table, down stage* L.] Where'd you get all this paper all of a sudden, Reynolds?

[WILLIAM B. GILES *is a small, squat man, with swarthy, dirty-looking skin and a sharp eye. His features are thick and his manner coarse. His boots are heavy, his dress untidy, and his voice loud. He has the air of a successful bully and prize-fighter.*

REYNOLDS.

[R. C. *down stage.*] I got it from the soldiers, Mr. Giles. The poor soldiers have entrusted me ——

GILES.

Huh! They'll be very poor soldiers if they trust you. [*General laugh.*

REYNOLDS.

[*Reading from a second paper.*] Here's six months' pay due Private Hiram Mott—ninety-six dollars due from the state of Virginia.

MONROE.

[*Up stage* L.] That's not true, sir; Virginia's paid every cent she owes.

[JAMES MONROE *is a tall man, but because of broad shoulders and stocky build looks shorter than he is. His manner is the aggressively plain-citizen type. He is dressed plainly. He lacks* JEFFERSON'S *gracious bearing, but does not reach* GILES' *roughness.*

REYNOLDS.

Ah, it's easy to see you come from Virginia, sir, but the poor soldiers ——

GILES.

Poor soldiers! It's the fortune of war.

TALLYRAND.

[*He has been settling the score with* MELISSA *up stage. He speaks with a slight French accent.*] Ha! Ha! The fortune of war! You bring about the war, your soldiers fight for you and conquer your enemies and then you repudiate their claim for pay. The fortune of war! The war for them—the fortune for you, eh?

[*Some laughter.* REYNOLDS *mixes with men at back* R. TALLYRAND *is very tall, with legs too small for his fat body. His blond hair is worn in long ringlets over his shoulders. His blue eyes, under heavy lids, have a look of scrutiny. His nose is pointed and aristocratic, but his mouth is large and coarse. His manner is watchful, but pleasant. He is dressed in the height*

of fashion. He wears a great hat with long curling black plume. When REYNOLDS *goes to the men up* R. *two of them move away and go off up* L.; *a third sits* R. *of table* R. REYNOLDS *then sits on sill of centre window on* R.

MONROE.

Well, Tallyrand, I thought you had decided to return to France. Changed your mind, eh? Rather risky yet for the aristocrats to go back.

[*Coming down* L. *of table* L.

TALLYRAND.

I leave to-morrow. I am settling my score with the beautiful Melissa.

MONROE.

[*Sitting* L. *of table.*] You're going to take the chance, eh? Well, I hope to follow you in a very short time.

TALLYRAND.

[*Leaving* MELISSA, *who curtseys and goes out up* R.] To follow me, Senator Monroe?

MONROE.

As Minister to France.

TALLYRAND.

[*Back of table* L.] Ah, yes, how charming! President Washington has already appointed you, eh?

GILES.

Not yet, but we shall get it all right.

TALLYRAND.

We? Oh, you also? Two ministers?

GILES.

No, not two ministers, but it sometimes takes two men to get one job.

[*Enter* SCHUYLER *from street up* L.; *he comes to* C. *looking around.*

TALLYRAND.

Ah! You mean it is not so easy. You have to deal with Alexander Hamilton.

GILES.

We'll deal with him all right. Alexander Hamilton ——

[GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER *is a large man, inclining to stoutness. He has a gouty foot and walks with a slight limp. His dress suggests the aristocrat; his manner is open and genial. He is a handsome, lovable old gentleman. He carries a handsome cane.*

MONROE.

Shh!

SCHUYLER.

Howdy, everybody!

[*Two or three of the men say "Howdy, General." The* SECOND CITIZEN *rises and bows.*

TALLYRAND.

[*Goes to him effusively.*] Ah, General Schuyler, how are you?

SCHUYLER.

[*Turning and bowing.*] Count Tallyrand.

[TALLYRAND *takes his two hands warmly.*

TALLYRAND.

And how fares your illustrious son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton?

SCHUYLER.

Why, I guess he's all right. I've just come from Albany. I've been over to his house and find he's not at home.

[GILES *moves to chair back of table* L. *and shows* MONROE *papers.*

TALLYRAND.

Ah, 'tis good for him to get away from his labors sometimes.

SCHUYLER.

Well, it's a queer thing for him to be away this time in the morning. [*Turning again to look around to the* R. *another man rises and says: "Howdy, General."*] I thought he might be here ——

REYNOLDS.

[*Advancing effusively, taking off his hat and making a low bow.*] General Schuyler, now I'll sell you one of these ——

[SCHUYLER *ignores him and turns back to* TALLYRAND. REYNOLDS *goes up to behind table* R., *laughing.*

SCHUYLER.

Everybody calls here.

TALLYRAND.

Yes, everybody comes to see everybody at the Exchange Coffee House. I find it amusing. It is Club, Restaurant, Merchants' Exchange, everything.

[*Enter* MELISSA *with drinks; places them on table* R.

SCHUYLER.

Ah, we'll alter all that in time, Count Tallyrand. We're young, you know. Give Alexander Hamilton time to sow some seeds. We'll have a real Merchants' Exchange and a real live country that will be able to pay its debts. [*Twinge of gout.* MELISSA *gets chair from in front of post* R. *and brings it down* R. *of* SCHUYLER, *replacing it against table* R., *then taking tray with other drinks across to table down* L., *giving one to* GILES *and one to* MONROE.] And I hope I shall have a real foot, which I haven't at this moment. And if you don't mind, Melissa, my girl, I'll just rest it in the parlor before I hobble along. Good-day to you, Count Tallyrand.

[*Going* L.

TALLYRAND.

I shall call on Alexander before I leave.

SCHUYLER.

He'll be extremely glad to see you. [*Twinge.*] Confound this foot. [*Goes off* R. 2 E.

REYNOLDS.

[*Who has been drinking and conversing with one or two shady-looking characters, coming to him.*] Count Tallyrand, before you return to la belle

France, wouldn't you like to buy up the whole of the French Loan? I'll sell it to you for ten cents.

[*Laughter. Enter* L. *front street,* THOMAS JEFFERSON. *He is a man over six feet tall. His red hair is unpowdered. He has pointed features and a freckled face. His corduroy breeches are well-worn.*

JEFFERSON.

[*Coming down stage* C.] Good-day to you, Citizens.

[FIRST MAN *rises and says: "Good-day, Mr. Jefferson"; one or two other men say: "Mr. Jefferson."*

MELISSA.

[*Coming forward with a curtsey to* L. *of* JEFFERSON.] Good-day to you, Mr. Jefferson.

JEFFERSON.

Good-day to *you,* Melissa. And how is your father to-day? Mending, I hope.

MELISSA.

Yes, Your Honor. Thank you, Your Honor.

JEFFERSON.

No "Honor" for me; just plain Citizen, Melissa. Tell him I asked after him.

[*Moving toward table* L.

MELISSA.

Thank you, sir. [*Curtseys and is going* R.

JEFFERSON.

[*Turning slightly, raising finger in protest.*] Leave off the "Sir."

MELISSA.

Yes, sir.

JEFFERSON.

[*Laughs slightly amused.*] A little Madeira now, Melissa. [*She goes hurriedly* R. *and exits.*] Citizen Monroe —— [*Shakes hands.*] Good-day to you, Citizen Giles. [*Does not shake with* GILES.

GILES.

Howdy, Tom Jefferson.

JEFFERSON.

[*Turning in front of table* L.] Ah, Citizen Tallyrand.

TALLYRAND.

[*Coming down* C.] *Count* Tallyrand, if you please.

JEFFERSON.

In America there are no titles, Citizen Tallyrand. In this land of the free all men are equal.

GILES.

And they say titles ain't so very popular in France just now.

JEFFERSON.

[*Sitting* R. *of table* L.] Ah, France! What a glorious change! The apostle of Liberty and Fraternity.

TALLYRAND.

Liberty! Fraternity! What do you mean by liberty, Mr. Jefferson?

JEFFERSON.

[*Points to cap over mantel.*] Ask your own countrymen, Citizen Tallyrand. There you behold the symbol of the liberty of your great land of France. To us in America, that crimson cap stands as a symbol of freedom—a symbol ——

TALLYRAND.

You call that dirty rag a symbol of Liberty? I call it a symbol of license, of lawlessness, of murder. What say you, Thomas Jefferson, to the murder of my king, Louis of France? Is that, too, a symbol of Liberty, of Fraternity?

JEFFERSON.

It is the will of the people. The time is not far distant, Citizen Tallyrand, when every king in Europe will have been swept into the dust heap of history. [*Approval from the crowd.*

MONROE.

Louis the Sixteenth was an oppressor of the people.

JEFFERSON.

A tyrant.

GILES.

Yes, sir.

TALLYRAND.

[*To* JEFFERSON.] You say that—you who for five years were Minister to France and enjoyed his friendship? You, who have sat at his table?

JEFFERSON.

It was necessary to use the arm of the people.

Fate decreed that your newly-founded Republic should be cemented with the blood of aristocrats.

GILES.

Down with aristocrats! Down with tyrants everywhere!

TALLYRAND.

Yes, I know your idea of liberty! Down with aristocrats! Down with everybody—who is in your way!

GILES.

I'll tell you one thing, Citizen Tallyrand, and I'll tell it to you *now*. There are some damned aristocrats in this country that'll get the same treatment your king got if they don't go careful.

TALLYRAND.

Who helped you win your freedom? The king of France.

GILES.

Well, we ain't goin' t' have any kings in this country.

TALLYRAND.

Who desires to be king?

GILES.

[*Fiercely.*] George Washington does.

MONROE.

And Alexander Hamilton wants to be Prime Minister! *Wants* to be? He is Prime Minister this very minute. Prime Minister of America! Huh!

[*By this time everybody in the room is listening.*

JEFFERSON.

[*Conciliatory.*] I assure you, Citizen Tallyrand, Citizen Giles and Citizen Monroe voice the sentiments of the great body of the American people. [*Murmurs of assent from the crowd.*] There is a growing unrest all over this land at the aristocratic tendencies of our President. There is bitter and righteous opposition to Alexander Hamilton's efforts to centralize the government and assume the debts of the thirteen free and independent states. Such a centralization of power would inevitably lead to monarchy. I stand on the platform of the Rights of Man—the rights of the individual—the right of each state to its freedom. And I tell you, Citizen Tallyrand, the gravest danger that threatens America to-day rests in the persons of those men who are striving to centralize the power of the United States; striving to establish a military dictatorship.

[*Approval from crowd at table* R. *One man strikes the table to emphasize his agreement.*

MONROE.

A condition that will involve us in European quarrels in which it should be our policy to take no part.

TALLYRAND.

How can you keep out of European quarrels when your interests are bound up with those of Europe?

MONROE.

Our riches and resources can bid defiance to any power on earth. It is only when our rights are invaded that we should make preparation for our defense.

TALLYRAND.

[*With a shrug.*] Yes, and then it will be perhaps too late.

JEFFERSON.

Citizen Tallyrand, I look for the day when during the rage of eternal wars in Europe, the lion and the lamb within our regions shall lie down together in peace.

TALLYRAND.

[*Down beside* JEFFERSON.] Yes, they would lie down together—until the lion feel hungry, then he would get up and eat the lamb.

[*Laughter from crowd.*

MONROE.

Against this tendency toward centralization, we who love the freedom of our own state will fight to the death.

TALLYRAND.

[*Moving to* C.] Yes, thirteen jealous states all working against each other. How are you going to pay your debts without a central government? You have no credit abroad. Your paper is not worth five cents on the dollar. Why don't you pay the men who furnished you supplies for your war? Why don't you pay the soldiers who gained you that liberty that you love so dearly?

GILES.

Damn the soldiers. This country's goin' to put a stop to Washington's coddling of the army.

TALLYRAND.

[*Advancing a little to* GILES.] It was the soldiers who won you your precious freedom.

MONROE.

Well, Virginia's paid her soldiers.

TALLYRAND.

[*Coming down on* MONROE'S *level.*] Has South Carolina? Has Rhode Island?

MONROE.

That's no affair of Virginia.

GILES.

No, sir.

TALLYRAND.

Why not? Did not the soldiers of Rhode Island help Virginia to her liberty? Each one fought for the common good. Each one should be paid.

JEFFERSON.

By that, Citizen Tallyrand, I understand you to mean that the government should assume the war debts of all the states.

TALLYRAND.

Those debts were the price of your liberty. If you have a government, it should pay the country's debts.

JEFFERSON.

Citizen Tallyrand, you are simply speaking from Alexander Hamilton's platform. You are an aristocrat. [*Some of the crowd agree with this.*

MONROE.

So's Hamilton.

[TALLYRAND *shrugs his shoulders and moves to* R. C.

JEFFERSON.

As such you cannot possibly understand the love of liberty that burns in the heart of every loyal American. [*Rising and coming to* TALLYRAND.] This attempt by Alexander Hamilton to compel the central government to assume the debts of the thirteen states is merely a trick, a manœuvre, to give greater power to that central body and to ruthlessly crush the freedom of the states. We, as Virginians, love Virginia. Her freedom —— We will fight for her freedom ——

[*Moves back to his chair.*

TALLYRAND.

[*Coming toward him.*] Fight! Mon Dieu! Where were you when Alexander Hamilton stormed the redoubts at Yorktown?

JEFFERSON.

As you know, Citizen Tallyrand, I am not a soldier. [*Sits.*

GILES.

[*Winking at* MONROE.] Jefferson has never been a fighter, you know, Citizen Tallyrand.

TALLYRAND.

[c.] Citizen! Citizen! Citizen! You prate and boast about the rights of man, and sneer at Alexander Hamilton as an aristocrat. Have any of you worked for the Rights of Man as he has? When it was an affair of fighting for your liberty, he fought. At the age of nineteen—twenty years, he had risen to be Colonel and was leading the victorious charge at Yorktown. At the hour when your liberty was assured he lay down his arms and

commenced to make a nation of you. I tell you I have known all the great men of my time—Pitt, Fox, Washington,—and of them all it is my boast that I know Alexander Hamilton. Adieu!

[*He sweeps out,* L. U. E. *to the street. During the following dialogue there is general movement and talking amongst the crowd; some laugh tolerantly, others shake their heads in doubt. The* FIRST MAN *rises and bowing to the man he has been talking to, crosses to the man at the fireplace who is reading the paper, has a few words with him and then exits up* R. *The man he has been speaking to, down* R., *rises and is joined by the man who has been sitting on the other side of the table,* R.; *they take arms and stroll out up* L., *chatting as they go. One of the Quakers goes into the street* L. *and the other comes to* C. *and watches the men who are playing chess; he afterwards sits in the upper corner of settle* L. *of fireplace.* REYNOLDS *strolls up and takes down a pipe from mantel. He chats a moment with a soldier who is sitting* L. *of table* R. *The man who was reading the paper goes off* R., *leaving the paper on settle.*

GILES.

Why, the crazy ——

JEFFERSON.

Hush! He's right, friend, he's right. Hamilton is a great man, but his energies are misdirected.

[*Rises and moves to* C.

GILES.

Great man! Why, he ain't got half the following you have!

MONROE.

That infernal French aristocrat has put the whole thing in a nutshell. Hamilton and Washington are working against the interests of the individual. They're working against us.

[*During this* MELISSA *enters from* R. *with a glass of Madeira, puts it on table* L. *and then crossing over to post* R. C. *she hangs a card on it. It is a notice of a ship's sailing.* REYNOLDS *has some business of flirting with her. He slips his arm through hers—she resents and exits* L. 2 E. REYNOLDS *goes off up* R.

JEFFERSON.

Come, come, we mustn't say that.

MONROE.

Well, it's true!

JEFFERSON.

That may be, but ——

GILES.

Well, what you goin' t' do about it!

JEFFERSON.

[*To* MELISSA.] Ah, thank you, my dear. [*He and* MONROE *drink. As they drink* REYNOLDS *flirts with* MELISSA; *see above.*] Citizen Monroe, I came in the hope of finding you here this morning because I have decided that it is necessary that you

and I should make a friendly call upon Alexander Hamilton.

[*During dialogue the two men who have been playing chess rise and consult the card* MELISSA *has hung up. One of them makes some notes; they exchange a few words, bow to each other and go off* R. *and* L. *The* QUAKER *remains on settle* L. *of fireplace reading from a small book.*

MONROE.

A friendly call!

JEFFERSON.

To conciliate him.

MONROE.

With what object?

JEFFERSON.

We need his coöperation. [*Sits again.*] The decision of the location of the Capital of the United States is now a matter of urgent necessity. It is vitally necessary that we should secure the Capital for the South, where our influence is paramount.

MONROE.

Don't see any need to worry about that. The North hasn't got any chance anyway. Why, Washington's a Virginian—if he is under Alexander Hamilton's thumb.

GILES.

[*Rising.*] George Washington ain't got a damned bit of loyalty in him!

JEFFERSON.

Come, come! I cannot discuss this matter with you, Citizen Giles, unless you refrain from invective.

GILES.

Well—he's a Virginian, and yet he is just as interested in New York and Massachusetts as he is in Virginia. It makes me sick.

[*A soldier who has been sitting* L. *of table* R. *rises and goes off up* R. *smiling.*

MONROE.

The Capital of the United States doesn't go to the North as long as James Monroe has a fight in him.

JEFFERSON.

Let us consider our own position. Hamilton is straining every nerve to pass through Congress his Bill for the Government Assumption of States' Debts.

[REYNOLDS *appears at door up* R. *smoking a pipe. He leans against door a minute, then comes to post* R. C. *and pretends to be reading the card while he listens.*

GILES.

It's an outrage. Let every state pay its own debts.

MONROE.

Well, we're blocking that bill, and will continue to block it to the last ditch.

[GILES *sits back of table* L.

JEFFERSON.

Without our coöperation—which we cannot possibly extend—his bill cannot go through.

MONROE.

Then what's the use of us going to ask favors of him when he knows perfectly well that we are the most active opponents of his bill?

GILES.

I say, fight him.

MONROE.

I believe you're right, Giles, fight him!

JEFFERSON.

[*Coming toward table* L.] Come, come, Monroe, more flies may be caught with a dish of molasses than with a sea of vinegar. You know you've set your heart on being appointed Minister to France.

MONROE.

I have.

JEFFERSON.

Hamilton's word will go a long way with Washington. [REYNOLDS *turns his head slightly toward them, then picking up paper sits on seat* R. *of fireplace and reads, removing his hat, which he places beside him.*] Come, we'll make a friendly call.

GILES.

Hamilton will fight tooth and nail to have the Capital in New York.

JEFFERSON.

That may be. Hamilton is a New Yorker.

GILES.

[*Sneers.*] Is he? He comes from God knows where.

JEFFERSON.

Sh—sh!

GILES.

A bastard, born in the ——

[MONROE *and* JEFFERSON *protest;* JEFFERSON *rises.*

MONROE.

We don't need to discuss his arrival into the world, Giles. I am far more interested in his removal.

[REYNOLDS *turns chair in front of him and puts his feet on it.*

JEFFERSON.

[*Moving to* C.] We must be prepared for his opposition to the South ——

MONROE.

It will be a lasting disgrace to this country if the Capital is not in Virginia.

JEFFERSON.

Too remote, Monroe. You see we've no post-roads. Inaccessible from New England.

GILES.

Damn it! Ain't you workin' for Virginia?

JEFFERSON.

I'm afraid we cannot hope for Virginia. I believe, though, if we go carefully, there is a chance of getting it for the South.

MONROE.

Where?

JEFFERSON.

On the Potomac.

GILES.

Well, that's a damned sight better'n New York.

JEFFERSON.

[*Coming back to table.*] Come, we will call on Hamilton this evening—a friendly call—after supper, perhaps. But remember we must steer clear of any mention of his Bill for the Government Assumption of States' Debts.

MONROE.

It doesn't suit me to go begging to Hamilton.

GILES.

He's got the President wound round his little finger.

MONROE.

And the people trust him.

GILES.

Shake the people's faith in him, that's the thing.

[REYNOLDS *lowers his paper a moment.*

JEFFERSON.

He's honest, Giles. We've tested his honesty.

MONROE.

Yes, the Anti-Federalists have attacked his honesty as Secretary of the Treasury from every possible angle, and he's always beaten us.

GILES.

We ain't used up our whole bag o' tricks yet, not by a damned sight.

JEFFERSON.

[*With a slight look of disapproval at* GILES.] Then, Citizen Monroe, we will meet here this evening at nine. [MONROE *rises.*] We will make a late call on Hamilton, as I wish our visit to be regarded scarcely as one relating to business.

[*He goes up to street door* L.

GILES.

[*Scratching chin.*] If we could only make the people believe that Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, ain't playin' fair with the gate-money—why, we'd have the hull country in our pockets.

[REYNOLDS *can be observed listening. Enter* SCHUYLER *from parlor* L. 2 E., *followed by* MELISSA. *At sound of* SCHUYLER'S *voice,* GILES *rises and crossing to table* R. *puts his foot up on a chair and thinks.*

SCHUYLER.

I think I'll be hobbling off, Melissa. My regards to your father.

[MELISSA *crosses* SCHUYLER *to chess-board at fireplace.*

JEFFERSON.

Good-day to you, Citizen Schuyler.

[*Returning from street door.*

SCHUYLER.

[*At post* L. *of fireplace.*] Howdy do, Mr. Jefferson. Howdy do, Senator Monroe.

JEFFERSON.

And how's the gout?

SCHUYLER.

Well, it's —— [*Gets a twinge.*] Oh—I can't tell you in the presence of this young lady.

[MELISSA, *taking pipes off chess-table, moves over to table* R., *picks up some jugs and exits up* R.

MONROE.

[*Coming up* L.] We were just talking about your son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton.

SCHUYLER.

[*With a grunt.*] Ah! That doesn't surprise me.

JEFFERSON.

Mrs. Hamilton is not back from England yet?

SCHUYLER.

No, Betsy's not back yet.

JEFFERSON.

I understand she went over to see your other daughter who was sick. I trust she is better.

SCHUYLER.

Yes, she's all right now, thank God!

MONROE.

Mr. Jefferson and I propose to drop in and see Alexander Hamilton to-night.

JEFFERSON.

I hope that he is well.

SCHUYLER.

Yes, he's as well as you fellows will let him be.

MONROE.

[*A step toward him angrily.*] What do you mean by that, General Schuyler?

SCHUYLER.

[*Responding with anger.*] You know what I mean. [MONROE *goes up to street door* L.

JEFFERSON.

[*Between them and laughing.*] Come, come, do not let us quarrel. We're coming in to have a little chat with Citizen Hamilton concerning the location of the Capital. [SCHUYLER *looks interested.*] Citizen Schuyler, I bid you good-day, sir. Good-day to you, Citizen Giles.

MONROE.

Good-day.

GILES.

Good-day. [*Exit* JEFFERSON *and* MONROE *to* L. *through street door.*] Give my love to Alexander. [*Grins.*

SCHUYLER.

[*Looks after* JEFFERSON *and* MONROE *and then at* GILES.] You're cooking something for him between you, and you're the chief stoker.

GILES.

I'm a fighter, if that's what you mean.

SCHUYLER.

Yes, you're a fighter, but a damned poor sportsman. When your party wants to circulate any damnable insinuations about Alexander Hamilton, they go to Giles of Virginia and he does the dirty

work. [GILES *turns.*] Because you and your gang know that Alexander has the confidence of the people and that he means to make the government assume the states' debts, you are forever trying to trip him up—shouting corruption in the Treasury, dishonesty in the Treasury, and God knows what. [*Moving toward* L. *and turning again.*] I don't say who's the author of the accusations. I don't say it's Tom Jefferson or Senator Monroe, but I know where to put my hand on the man who does the dirty work. [GILES *crosses angrily toward him.*] Yes, you're a fighter, but you know only one knock-out blow, and that's the one below the belt. You needn't glare at me. I wouldn't soil my hands with you, but this is one of the times when I wish I had gout anywhere but in my foot.

[*Exit* SCHUYLER L. *to street.* GILES *thinks hard and looks ugly, then laughs and comes down to* R. *of table* L. *and drinks.*

REYNOLDS.

[*Who has been listening and enjoying the row, says meditatively.*] Shake the people's faith in him.

[*Curtain warning.*

GILES.

[*Turning to him.*] What d'you say?

REYNOLDS.

[*Smiling.*] Shake the people's faith in him.

GILES.

You've been listening, eh?

REYNOLDS.

Well, that's the only way I get a living, Mr. Giles—keeping my ears open.

[*Picking up his hat from beside him.*

GILES.

Well, keep your mouth shut.

[*Sits* R. *of table* L. *and chews a toothpick.*

REYNOLDS.

[*Rising and coming to* C. *slowly, laughing.*] Pretty hard job to shake the people's faith in Alexander Hamilton, ain't it?

GILES.

Mind your own damn business.

REYNOLDS.

[*Laughs and crosses to chair back of table* L.; *puts his hat down on table.*] You've tried to prove him incompetent; you've tried to prove him dishonest; but there's one thing you haven't tried, Mr. Giles. [*Back of table.*

GILES.

[*Turning away from him.*] Go to the devil.

REYNOLDS.

And it's strange you haven't thought of it. How about a woman?

[GILES *is silent a moment. Rolls toothpick around in his mouth, spits it out, replaces it with another, and then looks at* REYNOLDS.

GILES.

You're a little gentleman, ain't yer, Reynolds?

REYNOLDS.

Women are the deuce for tangling up a man's finances.

GILES.

You know all about it, don't you?

REYNOLDS.

Yes, I know a good deal about women. I'm married, you know.

GILES.

Yes, I know.

REYNOLDS.

I know a good deal about men, too. Now Mrs. Hamilton is away, been away a long time in England. Now, what do you say ——

GILES.

[*Turning away.*] I don't want any advice from you. Besides, as you know so much, you know that Hamilton hardly ever leaves his house.

REYNOLDS.

Makes it all the easier. Send the woman to the house.

GILES.

[*Looking in front of him.*] What the devil do you mean?

REYNOLDS.

It's a matter of choosing the right woman and the right moment. [*Puts down pipe and leans forward.*] You've seen Mrs. Reynolds, haven't you?

GILES.

Your wife?

REYNOLDS.

Yes.

GILES.

[*Turning squarely toward him.*] God, you're a bad-'un, ain't you?

REYNOLDS.

[*Leaning back and smiling.*] I'm what may be called a soldier of fortune, Mr. Giles.

GILES.

You come in on the blackmailing end of the game, eh? You'd do any damned thing for a ten dollar piece, wouldn't you?

REYNOLDS.

Yes, I'm afraid my price is a little lower than yours, Mr. Giles. [*Leans forward again.*] You might see Mrs. Reynolds. She's a nice little thing. I'm very fond of her, but she's too good for me.

GILES.

[*Looking in front of him again.*] Oh!

REYNOLDS.

Yes, it's the clothes, you know, that cause the trouble. She must have pretty clothes. She's young, you see. She —— [*Noticing that* GILES *is interested he takes a pen and writes on a slip of paper, rises and puts the paper on* GILES' *knee.*] That's our address, Mr. Giles.

[REYNOLDS, *picking up his hat, moves toward door* L. 2 E.

GILES.

She be at home now? [*Looking at paper.*

REYNOLDS.

[*Smiling and coming back a step.*] Yes, I think so. You've seen her with me, haven't you?

GILES.

Yes.

REYNOLDS.

She's a pretty little thing, ain't she? [GILES *looks at him sideways.*] She's a clever little thing, too. Well, good-day, Mr. Giles.

[*Exit* REYNOLDS L. 2 E. GILES *remains looking at the paper, apparently thinking it over. He reaches for his hat, which is on the table beside him; rises with sudden determination; puts his hat on, looks again at the paper, then with his mind made up he exits quickly through the street door up* L.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Living-room in the house of Alexander Hamilton, 79 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Evening of the same day. It is a large room in a brick house of the period. Wall-paper dull gray, white wainscoting. Doors solid mahogany, white frames, with cut-glass handles. Woodwork of windows and fireplace handsomely carved and painted white. Room suggests dignity and comfort rather than elegance. The furniture is Chippendale. Portraits of General and Mrs. Schuyler on the wall at back. Up stage right there is a door leading to a hall and street door which can be seen by audience. Down left a door leading to other part of house. Left center, at back, two long French windows give on to narrow iron balcony on front of house. A third window is on the right up stage. Light through window suggests street lamp without. Large and small chairs stand about. At left front stands a large carved mahogany chair. It is handsomely upholstered in leather. At left centre, a large, low writing table with a pile of manuscript at one end and furnished with ink and quill pens. The fireplace is on the right down stage. On mantelpiece stands a handsome wedgewood vase and one silver four-branch candlestick; above mantel a large mirror. Between fireplace and window up right a small square mahogany table against the wall. Green rep*

and lace curtains at all windows. Down right centre facing audience a Colonial sofa. Against wall, centre at back, is a mahogany bookcase, filled with books, no doors on case; standing on bookcase are two two-branch silver candlesticks. The two portraits are on the wall above. Right and left of bookcase a chair. In left corner up stage a handsome Colonial escritoire, open. Armchair in front of escritoire. Against wall left and above door a smaller similar bookcase. Two single candlesticks on ditto. Armchair back of HAMILTON'S *table left centre. Single chair right of table. Chair against wall below door down left. Ditto against wall below fireplace down right. Small chair back of sofa.*

When the curtain goes up ALEXANDER HAMILTON *is discovered standing at right of table left centre, looking over a manuscript of Bill for Congress. He is a man of medium height, thirty-three years of age. He is dressed in the height of fashion. In spite of heat, his ruffles are immaculate and his stock secure. He wears his own hair unpowdered and tied in a queue—with a black ribbon.*

Enter L., ZEKIEL, *an elderly negro serving man.*

ZEKIEL.

[*At door* L.] 'Scuse me, Marse Ham'ton, but es mighty nigh nine o'clock.

HAMILTON.

Is it, Zekiel?

ZEKIEL.

It cut'ny am, sah.

HAMILTON.

Well, what of it?

ZEKIEL.

[*Coming toward him.*] Cunnel, yo' ain' had scarcely no food all day, an' dad fetch me, dinnah's been waitin' these fo' hours.

HAMILTON.

Has it? Well, bring it in here.

[*Sits back of table* L. C.

ZEKIEL.

Hi! Yo' don' eat at all then, sah. Yo' jes' looks at it an' goes on wo'kin'.

HAMILTON.

[*Making correction on bill.*] I'm engaged on a difficult task, Uncle.

ZEKIEL.

Yo' shore mus' be, Marse Ham'ton.

HAMILTON.

Trying to make bricks without straw.

ZEKIEL.

Bricks! That cut'ny do seem a mighty pore substitute fer dinnah, Marse Cunnel.

[*Knock.* ZEKIEL *crosses at back toward door* R.

HAMILTON.

I'm still out, Zekiel.

ZEKIEL.

[*Turning at* R. C.] Reckon you-all bettah be home, Marse Cunnel, an' quit wo'kin' fo' to-night.

HAMILTON.

I'm out, Zekiel, I'm out.

[ZEKIEL *goes out* R.; *half closes room-door.* SCHUYLER *heard.*

SCHUYLER.

[*Without.*] What! Still out? I'll come in, Uncle, and wait! [*Coming through hall door.*

ZEKIEL.

[*As* SCHUYLER *stumps in.*] So he'p me, Gen'al, 'tain' no good yo' waitin'.

[*Enter* GENERAL SCHUYLER R., ZEKIEL *backing in before him, trying to prevent him.*

HAMILTON.

[*Who has gotten up as soon as he heard voice.*] Why, father, I've been expecting you for hours.

[*Meeting him up* R., *taking his hands and bringing him into the room.*

SCHUYLER.

Well, I called on you hours ago. [*To* ZEKIEL.] You black nigger, you, I don't believe he's been out at all!

ZEKIEL.

[*Down* R. *of* SCHUYLER.] Why, he say he were out, and I done think he were.

HAMILTON.

[L. *of* SCHUYLER.] Uncle, I thought you knew I was expecting the General.

ZEKIEL.

I don' know nothin' 'cept what you tells me, so help me, Marse Ham'ton.

[*Shuts street door and returns, closing room door also.*

HAMILTON.

I'm sorry, father, but you see as Secretary of the Treasury I'm a target for all kinds and conditions of people.

[*Placing the chair* R. *of table a little further out for* SCHUYLER.

SCHUYLER.

[*Sitting* L. C.] People who come to borrow money, eh?

HAMILTON.

[*Giving* SCHUYLER'S *hat to* ZEKIEL.] Exactly. That's why I have to be "out, out, out." You see there is still a large section of the public who regard the Treasury as a sort of savings-bank, from which they can withdraw money without the preliminary inconvenience of depositing it.

[*Helping* SCHUYLER *off with his cloak and giving it to* ZEKIEL.

SCHUYLER.

[*Having risen to take off cloak, sits again.*] Well, the people are slow to understand. It's only the last few years that we've had a Treasury.

HAMILTON.

[c.] Yes, we have a Treasury, but we haven't any treasure. How's the gout?

SCHUYLER.

How do I find Colonel Hamilton? That's what I want to know.

HAMILTON.

I'm perfectly well—[*puts his hand across his eyes*] but I believe I'm tired. [*Crossing down* L.

ZEKIEL.

[*Advancing to* R. C. *from behind sofa.*] He ain' had no victals sence mawnin', Gen'l.

HAMILTON.

Ah, perhaps that's it. I believe I'm hungry.

SCHUYLER.

[*Turning angrily to* ZEKIEL.] Didn't Mrs. Hamilton charge you before she went away to see that the Colonel ate his meals regularly?

[HAMILTON, *laughing, passes up between* SCHUYLER *and table, giving* SCHUYLER *an affectionate shake as he passes, then puts away papers.*

ZEKIEL.

Yes, sah, Mis' Betsy she charge me, but 'fo' Gawd, Marse Schuylah, I cain' get him to eat scarcely a mouf'ful.

SCHUYLER.

So that's the way you look after your master, is it?

ZEKIEL.

Sometimes, Gen'l, yo' kin tak' an' lead a mule up to de troff—[HAMILTON, *tying up papers, protests, laughingly*] but eff he tak' it into his haid not to drink—wall—yo' cain' do nothin' 'bout it.

HAMILTON.

Uncle, you never said a word about drink. You've been worrying me to eat all day. [*To* SCHUYLER.] What do you think I've been doing, father?

SCHUYLER.

The Lord knows! Everybody's work, as usual, I suppose.

HAMILTON.

I've been building a National Bank.

[*Placing hand on large bundle of manuscript.*

SCHUYLER.

Well, you can't do it on an empty stomach.

HAMILTON.

Why not? I'm doing it on an empty Treasury.

[*Goes up to escritoire with papers.*

SCHUYLER.

[*To* ZEKIEL, *who is going toward door* R.] Uncle Zeke, you go and get up the best supper you know how, and I'll see that the Colonel eats it. And a bottle of wine.

[ZEKIEL *puts cloak and hat down on chair* R. *of bookcase at back wall and brings small table from at wall* R. *and places it* C. *beside* SCHUYLER.

HAMILTON.

[*At escritoire up* L.] You'll join me in that?

SCHUYLER.

No, I've got a milk-fed foot.

HAMILTON.

[*Laughing.*] Milk for General Schuyler.

ZEKIEL.

Yassah. [ZEKIEL *exits* L. *happy.*

HAMILTON.

[*Sitting on edge of table* L. *of* SCHUYLER.] Well, what news? You saw General Washington?

SCHUYLER.

He's in the lowest depths of depression, Alexander.

HAMILTON.

About the financial conditions.

SCHUYLER.

He's not as young as you, you know. He was born to fight,—but not to fight politicians.

HAMILTON.

Well, I'm going to do the fighting now. [*Picks up pens.*] Here's a whole new bundle of pens and I'm going to stick a man with every one of them.

SCHUYLER.

The opposition have half a dozen bundles to your one, and they poison the points.

HAMILTON.

That's just it. They use too many pens and so the poison fails to take effect. I've got them sticking all over me, and I can't even feel them.

SCHUYLER.

But Washington feels them. They're always attacking him. The latest is an accusation that he is drawing more salary than he is entitled to!

HAMILTON.

Whose work is that, Tom Paine's?

SCHUYLER.

No, the clerk of the house. But Tom Paine has written him a letter, too, accusing him of incompetence, calling him " Treacherous in private friendship, a hypocrite in public life."

HAMILTON.

Sounds like Tom Paine.

SCHUYLER.

And heaven knows what besides.

HAMILTON.

Ungrateful scoundrels!

SCHUYLER.

The thing that hits him hardest is their everlasting hooting about the army. George Washington loves his army as he would have loved an only child.

HAMILTON.

He has beggared himself in an attempt to meet the country's promise to pay. It's the old story.

The greater the achievement of the man, the more violent his detractors. [*Enter* ZEKIEL, L., *with tray containing chicken, bread and butter, jug of milk, glass, bottle of wine, wine-glass, napkin and white cloth on tray.*] Now they are shouting "Dictator" and accusing him of trying to make himself king. And they know it's a lie.

[*Crossing down* L. *angrily.*

SCHUYLER.

Of course it's a lie—that's why the politicians glory in it.

HAMILTON.

You can't lead the people with a lie. The truth.

[*Takes more papers from table and puts them away in escritoire.*

SCHUYLER.

Uncle Zeke, I hope you hear your master talking about the value of telling the truth. It will do you good.

ZEKIEL.

[*Having placed tray on table* C.] 'Fo' Gawd, Marse Gen'l, the only lie I evah tell is to say Marse Ham'ton's out when he's in—an' shorely that's a mighty white lie.

SCHUYLER.

For a gentleman of your color.

HAMILTON.

Well, Zekiel, if any one calls, I'm in for to-night.

SCHUYLER.

Unless they want money out of the Treasury.

ZEKIEL.

[*Taking chair from* L. *of bookcase at back and placing it back of table* · C.] Very well, Marse Hamilton, yo's in fo' to-night. Now yo' eat that thar dinnah, an' I'll bring yo' mo' to follow.

[*Exit* ZEKIEL, R., *taking* SCHUYLER'S *hat and cloak.*

SCHUYLER.

Now! What have we here? Chicken.

HAMILTON.

[*At escritoire.*] Ah!

SCHUYLER.

And bread and butter. Damn it, there's no pie!

HAMILTON.

[*Coming over.*] Good heavens! No pie!

SCHUYLER.

[*Calling.*] Zekiel!

HAMILTON.

I'll wager he's gone to get the pie.

SCHUYLER.

Well, it doesn't seem much to go building banks on.

HAMILTON.

How can I build banks without pie!

SCHUYLER.

It's time Betsy came back. Thank God, she will be home next week.

HAMILTON.

[*Standing back of table* C.] Haven't you had a letter by the last packet? [*Knock ready.*

SCHUYLER.

No. Why, I've been on the road from Albany the last five days. What's wrong?

HAMILTON.

[*Taking out letter from his breast pocket.*] Nothing wrong. But Betsy writes to say that Angelica isn't able to come as soon as they expected. It will be another month before they are here.

[*He kisses letter.*

SCHUYLER.

It's a damned shame the way you've been left with no one to look after you. Go on and eat. Betsy had no sort of business to go off and leave you at all. I say it if she is my own daughter.

HAMILTON.

Why, you begged and prayed of her to go.

SCHUYLER.

Well, she ought to be back.

HAMILTON.

She's coming back. Heaven knows, I miss Betsy.

[*Puts letter on tray and sits down.*

SCHUYLER.

[*Fuming.*] President Washington leans on you like a child on its mother, and not a soul in this whole town sees to it that you have any—any ——

[*Fumes.*

HAMILTON.

Any pie!

SCHUYLER.

Eat, I say—eat! [*Knock.*] Now, there's somebody else. Hope that nigger has sense enough to say you're out.

HAMILTON.

[*Opening napkin.*] Come on then, join me. I'm hungry as a hunter. [*Passes milk.*] There's your milk.

SCHUYLER.

Milk! Bah! [*Enter* ZEKIEL.

ZEKIEL.

[*At door* R., *closing it behind him. Woman seen in hall as he enters.*] Here's a poor woman at the door with a baby in her arms. She wants to see you, sah. Is yo' in or is yo' out?

SCHUYLER.

Out!

HAMILTON.

What does she want?

ZEKIEL.

She says as how she's de wife ob one ob de soldiers.

HAMILTON.

[*To* SCHUYLER.] You see—she comes to me for money—money out of the Treasury! I'll see her, Uncle. [SCHUYLER *objects, but* ZEKIEL *opens door.*] Can't send her away, father.

[*Drops napkin on tray and rises and goes up toward door* R.

SCHUYLER.

[*Mutters.*] You can't live without food. What's the use ——

[*Enter* WOMAN *with baby in her arms. She comes from the hall; the street door is closed.* ZEKIEL *half closes the room door and remains in the room holding the door-knob.* WOMAN *has a state certificate in her hand.*

HAMILTON.

What can I do for you?

[*Up stage centre,* L. *of* WOMAN.

WOMAN.

[*Coming to* R. C.] Are you Colonel Hamilton?

HAMILTON.

Yes. [*Pulling the chair he was sitting on.*] Sit down. [*She sits.*] What is it?

WOMAN.

My husband is Zackery Whalen, sir. He fought in the war, sir. He's a cripple and can't work. He fought under you, sir. It was that winter at Valley Forge—his feet froze so many times, sir. He's on a pension, but we can't get the money.

HAMILTON.

Can't get it from your state?

WOMAN.

We get it sometimes, but not lately at all—only promises, sir. You see, ours is due from Rhode Island. If it had been Virginia or New Hampshire,

it'd been all right, because they are paying their men, but Rhode Island says they can't.

[HAMILTON *looks toward* SCHUYLER.

HAMILTON.

What do you wish me to do?

WOMAN.

I heard General Washington spoke at a meeting of the soldiers last night and he gave his word that every one would be paid. I know he will keep his word, sir, but we can't wait.

HAMILTON.

[*Kindly.*] Why did you come to me?

WOMAN.

They told me that you were Secretary of the Treasury, where all the money is.

HAMILTON.

[*Giving another hopeless look at* SCHUYLER, *who grunts.*] I wish I could make you understand. The Treasury at present is only a name—an empty name. [*Takes paper from* WOMAN.] This is Rhode Island's promise to pay. Mrs. Whalen, I am trying to make the country keep this promise; I'm trying to make them pay.

WOMAN.

How long shall we have to wait, sir?

HAMILTON.

I don't know. Here [*trying two waistcoat pockets before finding it*] take this.

[*Gives her a coin and certificate. She wraps coin in certificate and puts it in her breast.*

WOMAN.

Thank you, sir.

[*She is going but turns when he speaks.*

HAMILTON.

[*Following her a step or two.*] I can only say that I'll do my best to see that you are paid. You're hungry, aren't you?

WOMAN.

Yes, sir.

HAMILTON.

[*Takes four corners of napkin and ties chicken inside and hands to her.*] Here, take this chicken and have a jolly good supper with your husband. I'm afraid there isn't much for the —— [*He leans over and tenderly removes a corner of the shawl from the head of the sleeping baby.*] What's the baby's name?

WOMAN.

Elizabeth, sir.

HAMILTON.

[*Smiling.*] Elizabeth—is it?

WOMAN.

Yes, sir.

HAMILTON.

[*Taking jug of milk from* SCHUYLER, *who was about to pour some out.*] The baby's name is Betsy, father. [*Gives jug to* WOMAN.] Milk for Elizabeth! [ZEKIEL *and* SCHUYLER *very protesting.*] Zekiel, show Mrs. Whalen out. Tell your husband I'm fighting for the men who fought for me, and it's a harder struggle than we had at Valley

Forge. But that I mean to win, as we won at Yorktown.

[ZEKIEL *opens room-door and also street-door, which he holds open.*

WOMAN.

[*Near room-door.*] Thank you, sir. I'm sorry to have troubled you, but it's hard on the women. When the war broke out, we had to let our men go and proud we were of 'em—and when my husband came back disabled and useless, everybody took him by the hand and helped him. That was when the war was on. But now it's finished. . . . It's hard we can't get paid. Good-night, sir.

[*Exit* WOMAN, R.

HAMILTON.

[*Turning to* SCHUYLER *with a groan.*] The disgrace of it! The men who won our freedom left to starve!

[*Moving down stage and to fireplace impatiently.*

SCHUYLER.

If Tom Jefferson and those damned Anti-Federalists would let your Assumption Bill go through, why, the soldiers would be paid.

HAMILTON.

[*Walking excitedly across to* L.] Their opposition to this bill is holding the country in the grip of bankruptcy.

SCHUYLER.

While Jefferson and Monroe oppose it you'll never get it through.

HAMILTON.

[*Back of his table, picking up manuscript.*] I'll fight for it—I'll fight for it to the end. [*Throwing down manuscript and crossing at back to* R.] You see, father, Jefferson never smelt the smoke of battle.

SCHUYLER.

No. He prides himself on being a man of peace. All he and his flock do is to go around shouting "States' Rights."

HAMILTON.

Thomas Jefferson and the Rights of Man! He gets his followers to do the shouting while he writes for posterity. [*Placing his chair* R. *of small table.*

SCHUYLER.

[*Grudgingly.*] Yes, he writes well.

HAMILTON.

[*Standing* R. C.] He writes music—the music of well-chosen words.

SCHUYLER.

And the people listen to him.

HAMILTON.

We all listen to Tom Jefferson's music. He's like the Pied Piper. He pipes and he pipes, and the people follow spellbound.

SCHUYLER.

He can certainly pipe.

HAMILTON.

Of course there is always the danger that he will lead them into the sea.

SCHUYLER.

Well, there's a lot of rats running after him that'd be all the better for drowning.

HAMILTON.

There are always rats running up the back-stairs trying to nibble their way into office.

[*Enter* ZEKIEL *from door up* R.; *comes down to table* C.

SCHUYLER.

Wouldn't be if the offices were kept clean.

HAMILTON.

Only a strong government can keep the offices clean. This policy of every man for himself is leading the country to anarchy. [*He is very angry.*

ZEKIEL.

[*A little alarmed.*] Reckon I bettah get yo' some mo' suppah, Cunnel.

[*Picks up tray.* NOTE: BETSY'S *letter is on tray. Be sure to bring it back on tray next time.*

SCHUYLER.

Don't you get me any more of that damned milk.

ZEKIEL.

Mebbe I'd jes' bettah fetch a little in a feedin' bottle, Gen'l, yah, yah!

[*Exit* ZEKIEL L., *laughing.* HAMILTON *laughs and sits* R. *of table* C.

SCHUYLER.

When Zekiel lied to me this morning and said you were out, I went round to the Exchange Coffee House.

HAMILTON.

To get a milk punch?

SCHUYLER.

To look for you! I saw several of the rats there, and I'm convinced they're hatching something for you.

HAMILTON.

I always associate hatching with chickens, but I dare say rats do it. Well?

SCHUYLER.

Be on your guard. Jefferson and Monroe are coming to see you about the location of the Capital.

HAMILTON.

[*Unconcerned.*] Oh, the Residence Bill! [*Takes out handkerchief.*] Well, what about it?

SCHUYLER.

[*Sitting back; nettled.*] What about it!

HAMILTON.

I mean where do they want the Capital? In Jefferson's parlor, I suppose.

SCHUYLER.

That's just where they do want it. They want the Capital of the United States in the South. My God!

HAMILTON.

But—excuse me.

SCHUYLER.

[*Fuming.*] My God!

HAMILTON.

Is that the end of your prayer, or the beginning, father?

SCHUYLER.

The South!

HAMILTON.

Well, why not?

SCHUYLER.

Do you mean to say you'd let the Capital of the United States go to the *South?*

HAMILTON.

Where do *you* think it should be?

SCHUYLER.

Where should it be? Why Albany, of course!

HAMILTON.

[*Jumping out of his chair and over to* R., *laughing heartily.*] Oh, your home town.

SCHUYLER.

The finest city on God's earth!

HAMILTON.

[*Laughs.*] In *your* parlor, I suppose. No, General. Certainly not Albany. [*Sits in chair again.*

SCHUYLER.

[*Nettled.*] Oh, certainly not Albany, eh? And why certainly not Albany? I suppose you want it in New York?

[ZEKIEL *enters* L. *and crossing at back to door up* R. *exits.*

HAMILTON.

New York? Nnn-o ——

SCHUYLER.

Well, in heaven's name, where do you want it?

HAMILTON.

Anywhere that's handy to get at.

SCHUYLER.

Well, I'll be ——! Haven't you any patriotism, man?

HAMILTON.

I don't care where the Capital is, or whether it's built of marble or whether it's made of wood, so long as we get the right men inside—to restore law and order to this limping, half-starved government.

SCHUYLER.

Alexander ——

HAMILTON.

[*Pulling his chair around to face* SCHUYLER *and anticipating amusement.*] What *are* the reasons why the Capital should be in the North?

SCHUYLER.

Why! All the traditions connected with our struggle for independence cluster about the North.

HAMILTON.

[*Ticking it off on his fingers.*] There's some truth in that.

SCHUYLER.

It was here in Philadelphia that the Declaration of Independence was signed.

HAMILTON.

[*Checking on fingers.*] So it was.

SCHUYLER.

It was in New York that Washington took the oath of office. [HAMILTON *checks.*] In New York the government had its beginning. Why, Albany commands the commerce of the four corners of the earth.

HAMILTON.

[*Checking.*] Hummm!

SCHUYLER.

And—and there's not a damned bit of reason why the South should have it anyway.

HAMILTON.

But if the North has all the glory of the traditions of the past, isn't it a good reason why the South should be glorified with the hopes of the future?

SCHUYLER.

No! . . . [HAMILTON *rises.*

HAMILTON.

Hasn't the South, at any rate, as much claim as the North?

SCHUYLER.

No! . . . . [*Enter* ZEKIEL, R.

HAMILTON.

General, your argument is ——

ZEKIEL.

Secatary Jeff'son and Sentah Monroe callin' to see yo', sir. Reckon you's out?

HAMILTON.

I reckon I'm in, Zekiel.

SCHUYLER.

[*Rising.*] Now, here they come to talk to you about the Capital, and you're going to concede it without a struggle.

HAMILTON.

[*Coming to him.*] Father, you're the best friend I have in the world, but I daren't trust you in a matter of diplomacy. That's no reflection on your intelligence because, you know, diplomacy is frequently only one-eighth brain [*tapping him on the forehead*] and seven-eighths the way you use it. I'm going to send you out onto that balcony to cool down. [*Going up toward* C. *window.*

ZEKIEL.

I jes' got some mo' suppah ready to brung up.

SCHUYLER.

[*Getting above centre table.*] Well, bring it in, Zekiel, and the country be hanged.

HAMILTON.

[*Coming down* R. *of* SCHUYLER *and taking his arm.*] Father, I wonder if they feel as strongly as you do about the location of the Capital.

SCHUYLER.

[*Raising his hand to strike the small table and breaking out.*] Why, any man with an ounce of ——

HAMILTON.

Out in the cool air, father. [*Pushes him on to the balcony.*] Oh, General, I've noticed that there sometimes comes a moment in diplomatic conferences when a little diversion is most valuable. Should I call for you, come in [SCHUYLER *grunts*]—and look pleasant. I'll see them, Zekiel. [ZEKIEL *exits* R. HAMILTON *goes to his table and picking up manuscript of his bill returns to window and calls.*] Father, if I could only get hold of Jefferson and Monroe!

SCHUYLER.

To back your Assumption Bill?

HAMILTON.

Yes.

SCHUYLER.

If you could only get hold of the moon!

[*He goes out, closing the windows.* HAMILTON, *with sudden resolution, comes down left of his table and is facing* R. *when* ZEKIEL *brings in* MONROE *and* JEFFERSON. *They bow to each other.* ZEKIEL *crosses at back to* L.

ZEKIEL.

Sect'y Jeff'son and Sentah Monroe.

HAMILTON.

[*Bowing to them.*] Mr. Jefferson. Senator Monroe.

MONROE.

[L. *of* JEFFERSON.] Howdo, Hamilton.

JEFFERSON.

[*Advancing to* C.] Citizen Secretary, I trust we do not call at an inconvenient or unseasonable hour.

HAMILTON.

Your time, gentlemen, could not have been better chosen. Zekiel, a bottle of wine.

ZEKIEL.

A bottle of wine and a sangwidge. Yes, sah.

[*Exit* ZEKIEL, L.

JEFFERSON.

Mrs. Hamilton is not back yet?

HAMILTON.

[*Getting behind chair* R. *of large table and indicating it to* JEFFERSON.] No, my wife will not return, I fear, for a month or more. Will you take this chair, Mr. Jefferson? [JEFFERSON *sits* R. *of table.*] Will you take this one, Senator? [MONROE *crosses and sits in large armchair.*] That is the chair General Washington always sits in when he is here. [MONROE *rises uncomfortably then sits again.*] I'll sit here at my desk, if you don't mind.

[*There is general constraint.*

JEFFERSON.

You are still working even at this late hour, Citizen Hamilton?

HAMILTON.

Oh, no. This is my recreation.

[*Puts hand on pile of manuscript.*

MONROE.

And what is your recreation?

HAMILTON.

The establishment of a National Bank.

MONROE.

It's not constitutional.

HAMILTON.

It will be necessary for the full development of my Bill for the Government Assumption of States' Debts.

[MONROE *and* JEFFERSON *cough uncomfortably.* JEFFERSON *is bland.*

JEFFERSON.

A very charming room you have here.

HAMILTON.

Very charming.

MONROE.

Devilish hot, though.

HAMILTON.

Allow me to open this window. [*Going to balcony window.*] I should mention that General Schuyler is on the balcony, if our business is private.

JEFFERSON.

No, no, not in the least. Pray consider our visit as quite informal. [HAMILTON *opens window.*

MONROE.

We came to have a little *friendly* chat with you.

HAMILTON.

[*Returning to table.*] Gentlemen, I am indeed relieved to find that you have come in this friendly spirit. It gives me courage to approach you in a perfectly friendly way on a very urgent matter.

[JEFFERSON *catches* MONROE'S *eye.*

JEFFERSON.

I trust it may be within our power to be of use to you.

MONROE.

Without sacrificing the principles for which we stand.

JEFFERSON.

Of course.

HAMILTON.

[*Sitting back of table.*] President Washington is deeply concerned at the country's neglect to pay its debts—the debts incurred during the war.

MONROE.

You mean the neglect of certain states to pay their debts?

HAMILTON.

I mean the neglect of the nation.

MONROE.

Virginia has paid every cent she owes.

HAMILTON.

That saves the honor of Virginia, but not the honor of the nation. Gentlemen, my Bill provides that these debts shall be assumed by the central government. Why do you continue to oppose it? All I need is the support of Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe.

JEFFERSON.

What you suggest would be making Virginia help to pay the debt of South Carolina.

MONROE.

And South Carolina has three times the debt of Virginia.

HAMILTON.

[*To* MONROE.] Incurred in gaining Virginia her freedom. Gentlemen, if the interests of the thirteen states continue to clash, there is no hope of established independence. I appeal to you both, as patriots, not to squander the time of the country by the discussion of party interests. We are builders of a nation; let us build strongly, let us build on the foundation stone of honor. The nations of the world are watching us. Let them sneer at our youth, let them sneer at our poverty, but let them never cast a slur upon our honesty.

JEFFERSON.

You plead merely for the honor of the nation: I plead also for the rights of the individual.

MONROE.

Do you realize that the rights of the people are at stake?

HAMILTON.

[*To* MONROE.] The right of the people is the right to cast aside personal interests for the greater good of the nation. The only safety for any people is in a government that can command the respect of the world. [*Striking the table.*

MONROE.

[*Angrily.*] You mean a Monarchy?

HAMILTON.

I mean a Republic.

MONROE.

[*Rising, coming to* L. *corner of table and pounding it.*] George Washington is trying to set up a Monarchy and make himself King.

[*Returning to Washington's chair. He gives it a vicious push with his knee and crosses to* R.

HAMILTON.

[*Rising and crossing to* R. *with* MONROE.] Take this chair. I think you'll be more comfortable.

[*Gives* MONROE *another chair from back of sofa. It is a hard uncomfortable looking little chair. He places it in front of sofa.*

MONROE.

[*Ignoring the chair.*] Suppose the government should pay the states' debts, the men who lent the money wouldn't get it. [HAMILTON *about to interrupt.*] You know as well as I do that the patriots who put up the money to carry on the war have long ago given up all hope of ever being paid by the bankrupt states.

HAMILTON.

That is exactly ——

MONROE.

Their claims have passed into other hands, sold for a song.

HAMILTON.

[C.] But the claims remain—and a promise to pay is a promise to pay.

JEFFERSON.

[*Rising and with firmness.*] Citizen Hamilton, I am pledged to the people.

MONROE.

We cannot pick the pockets of the man who trusts us in order to pay another man's debts.

HAMILTON.

Gentlemen, this is repudiation—the last stage of national humiliation.

JEFFERSON.

I have tried to see your point of view. Citizen Monroe has tried to see it.

MONROE.

Yes, I've tried.

[*Turning away to* R., *impatiently.*

JEFFERSON.

You have appealed to Congress many times, and have always been defeated.

HAMILTON.

The last time by a majority of two.

JEFFERSON.

The majority was small, it is true—[*with a touch of courtliness*] mainly owing, I fear, to the eloquence of your address, Citizen Hamilton.

HAMILTON.

[*Responding with a profound bow.*] From Thomas Jefferson that is indeed praise. But I fear my eloquence has interfered with our friendly chat, and that was really what you came for.

[*Turning to* MONROE.

JEFFERSON.

Some other time —— [*About to turn up stage.*

MONROE.

Well, Jefferson, time is short ——

JEFFERSON.

This discussion having arisen, I find myself diffident in seeking your coöperation on another matter.

HAMILTON.

Gentlemen, I beg that you will not deprive me of so great a privilege—pray sit down again. [*They sit.*] You are sure you are comfortable in that chair, Mr. Monroe?

MONROE.

[*Seated in front of sofa.*] Yes, thank you. I was never made to occupy a throne.

HAMILTON.

[*About to respond but controls himself and sitting in chair* R. *of small table* C.] Gentlemen, I am at your service.

JEFFERSON.

[*Seated again in chair between tables.*] You know that the Residence Bill must be voted on without further delay.

HAMILTON.

I understand that immediate decision is necessary.

JEFFERSON.

I will not disguise from you that I consider the geographical position of the Capital a very vital matter.

[SCHUYLER *appears on balcony at back, coming from* L. *He stops a moment at the open window, catches what they are talking about, nods his head and disappears to* R.

HAMILTON.

Undoubtedly.

JEFFERSON.

And we do not underrate your influence, not only with the President but with Congress, in arriving at a decision.

HAMILTON.

That decision, gentlemen, is a very grave and serious matter.

MONROE.

It certainly is.

HAMILTON.

But I think we ought to find no difficulty in reaching an agreement.

MONROE.

Now, that's talking sense.

[SCHUYLER *returns and lingers in front of open window with his ear obviously turned to catch the conversation. He is not seen by the others.*

JEFFERSON.

I am pleased to find that you are willing to meet us in the matter.

HAMILTON.

We should have no difficulty, because, to me—and surely to all who have gone into the matter as deeply and seriously as we have—there can be only one possible location for the Capital.

MONROE.

And that is?

HAMILTON.

Albany. [*A distinct ejaculation is heard from* SCHUYLER *outside. He disappears to* L.] Excuse me. I thought I heard my father-in-law calling.

[*Goes to window and closes it.*

JEFFERSON.

Albany!

MONROE.

That old Dutch town!

JEFFERSON.

And why Albany?

HAMILTON.

[*Returning to* C. *behind small table.*] Because [*oratorically; imitating* SCHUYLER] it commands the commerce of the four corners of the earth.

[SCHUYLER *is seen moving outside. He opens the other window, the one nearest the* L., *and is radiant.*

JEFFERSON.

But I fear you do not consider ——

HAMILTON.

I know much may be said in favor of New York and Philadelphia—but ——

MONROE.

You talk as if Albany, New York, and Philadelphia were the only places in the Union, sir.

HAMILTON.

[*Surprised.*] Had you any other place in mind?

MONROE.

Hasn't the South as much claim as the North?

HAMILTON.

Certainly not, sir. The South could not possibly be considered.

JEFFERSON.

Why not, sir?

MONROE.

What's your reason for the North, except you're a Northerner yourself?

HAMILTON.

[*Oratorically.*] Why, gentlemen [*pulls chair* R. *of small table to back of small table and comes to* R. *of small table*], all the great events connected with our glorious struggle for independence cluster about the North. [SCHUYLER'S *face expresses amazement and delight.* HAMILTON *lightly touches his fingers, as he enumerates the following.*] It was here in this city—in Philadelphia—that was signed that immortal document from your hand, Mr. Jefferson—the Declaration of Independence.

MONROE.

What's that got to do with it?

HAMILTON.

It was in New York that Washington took his oath of office. [SCHUYLER *gives great signs of approval.*] It was there that the government had its beginning, and—and—there's not a—there's no reason on earth why the South should have it anyway.

[*All this spoken with great conviction.* SCHUYLER, *in great delight, exits to* R., *remaining between windows.*

MONROE.

[*Rising and going* R.] The South will make a damned good fight for it.

JEFFERSON.

[*Rising.*] Is that your final word, Mr. Hamilton?

HAMILTON.

My decision in this matter, Mr. Jefferson, is just as irrevocable as that of yours and Senator Monroe

regarding my bill. [MONROE *and* JEFFERSON *exchange a glance which* HAMILTON *observes.*] You'll excuse me. I'm sure I heard the General calling. [*Going to window* C.] I'm afraid of the night air for your gout, father-in-law. You'd better be getting home.

[*Enter* SCHUYLER. JEFFERSON *moves away toward* L., *thinking.*

SCHUYLER.

Good-evening, gentlemen.

[*With a profound bow and greatly pleased.*

JEFFERSON.

Good-evening, Citizen Schuyler.

MONROE.

Good-evening.

SCHUYLER.

[*Passing across toward door up* R.] I won't interrupt you. I'll just toddle along.

HAMILTON.

[*Following and laughing.*] Toddle? With that foot?

SCHUYLER.

[*Throwing open the door up* R.] The foot's better, Alexander. Good-night, gentlemen.

HAMILTON.

Excuse me while I see the General to the door.

[*They go off up* R. HAMILTON *closes the door after him.*

JEFFERSON.

[*Coming toward* C.] What do you make of that last remark of his—as irrevocable as our decision regarding his bill?

MONROE.

[R. C.] Sounds like an invitation to strike a bargain.

JEFFERSON.

Is it worth it?

MONROE.

We can't do without him, damn him.

JEFFERSON.

Shall we support his bill in return for the Capital?

MONROE.

It's worth anything to get the Capital away from the North.

JEFFERSON.

It will be hard to explain this change of front to the people. I've said so much about State Rights.

MONROE.

You can make some excuse.

JEFFERSON.

It will be difficult to explain away.

MONROE.

[*Chuckling and coming to* C.] Tom Jefferson, you can explain away anything. Give you pen and ink and there isn't your equal for that in the universe. Besides, we may not have to give up a thing. [*Moving away to* R. *a little.*

JEFFERSON.

What do you mean?

MONROE.

Well, Giles of Virginia has some scheme on. He said if Hamilton got us into a corner ——

JEFFERSON.

Monroe, Giles is a rascal, and I'll not be identified with any of his underhand schemes.

MONROE.

Neither will I. I'll just leave him alone and trust in Providence.

[*Reënter* HAMILTON *door up* R. *at back.* MONROE *crosses* JEFFERSON *to* L.

HAMILTON.

[*Coming down* R. *of table* C.] Forgive me for leaving you, although I'm afraid, gentlemen, our interview is at an end.

JEFFERSON.

[*Advancing a little to* HAMILTON.] Citizen Hamilton, I have been credited with being a diplomatist.

HAMILTON.

Your valued service, as Minister to France, places that beyond dispute, sir.

JEFFERSON.

And I find that, in settling arguments of all kinds, it is necessary to give and take.

HAMILTON.

The best diplomatist, I presume, being the man who gives the least and takes the most.

[JEFFERSON *and* MONROE *laugh slightly.*

JEFFERSON.

In this instance, Citizen Monroe and myself are prepared to give a great deal, in order that the Southern States shall not be overlooked.

MONROE.

Treated with contempt.

JEFFERSON.

With regard to the Capital, I have a proposal to make. [HAMILTON *nods his head attentively and comes down in front of sofa and turns to them.*] As we cannot agree upon the selection of a city, why not build us a new city—clean and new and full of the ideals of Liberty and Fraternity! Why choose a city like Albany or New York, marred with the scars of the British tyrant—bristling with the memories of our servitude?

HAMILTON.

Certainly an original idea. A new city. On the Hudson!

MONROE.

[*Quickly and emphatically.*] No, not on the Hudson.

JEFFERSON.

On the Potomac—half-way between the North and the South!

HAMILTON.

I regret to have to refuse you, Mr. Jefferson, but as I said my decision is irrevocable.

[*Going up stage between end of sofa and table* C.

JEFFERSON.

I think you said as irrevocable as our decision regarding your bill.

HAMILTON.

[*Turning and apparently trying to recall it.*] Did I? I think I did.

JEFFERSON.

Suppose we—make—a—concession.

HAMILTON.

[*Coming back to* JEFFERSON.] Strike a bargain, do you mean?

JEFFERSON.

Well, I wouldn't care to use that word, Mr. Hamilton.

HAMILTON.

No? We won't use it, then. We'll call it concession. [*Moves to front of sofa again.*

JEFFERSON.

Suppose we pass your Bill in return for the Capital?

HAMILTON.

[*With an assumption of astonishment.*] Why, gentlemen, this is a surprising proposal. I fear I must have time to think it over.

[*Sits on little chair in front of sofa.*

MONROE.

[*Beside* JEFFERSON.] You're a quick thinker when you like, Hamilton. [*Knock ready.*

HAMILTON.

Yes, when I like the proposal. But I am afraid I am getting the worst of the bargain—[JEFFERSON *gives slight movement*] er—concession.

JEFFERSON.

We're offering you something you've been fighting for for years.

HAMILTON.

You will admit that yours would be the spectacular victory. The Capital wrested from the North!

JEFFERSON.

I do not care for popularity. I am thinking only of what is best for the greatest number.

HAMILTON.

You need my answer now? Can you not give me a week to think it over?

MONROE.

A week! Good Lord, Hamilton.

HAMILTON.

Three days!

MONROE.

This must be decided now.

HAMILTON.

[*Rising.*] Very well, gentlemen. I agree.

MONROE.

[*With alacrity.*] Shall we put it in writing?

[*Going toward table* L.

JEFFERSON.

I think our oral pledge will be sufficient.

HAMILTON.

Your word is your bond. In fact I would rather take your word, gentlemen, than the bond of any state in the Union.

[*He bows to them; they laugh.* MONROE *comes over eagerly and extends his hand.*

MONROE.

That's a bargain then.

[*Enter* ZEKIEL, L., *with tray containing chicken, decanter of wine and three wine-glasses. Knock is heard off* R. *He puts tray on table* C. *and exits up* R., *leaving door* R. *open.* NOTE: *Be sure that* BETSY'S *letter is on tray. The dialogue is not interrupted by* ZEKIEL'S *entrance.*

JEFFERSON.

[*Between them and smiling.*] Really, I cannot permit ——

HAMILTON.

Let us say, a final settlement of our difference of opinion. May I offer you some refreshment?

[*Going to back of* C. *table.* MONROE *to* R.

JEFFERSON.

Thank you, no. Citizen Monroe will agree that we have already detained you too long.

[*Passing up* R. *of* C. *table toward door* R.

HAMILTON *is preceding* JEFFERSON *when* ZEKIEL *throws open the street door up* R. *and announces*

ZEKIEL.

Coun' Tallyrand! [*Enter* TALLYRAND.

TALLYRAND.

[*Shaking hands with* HAMILTON *and then retiring a little on the right up stage near door.*] My dear Hamilton—oh, a thousand pardons. I see you have the Citizens with you. I intrude.

JEFFERSON.

We were about to take our leave. [*Shaking hands with* HAMILTON.] Good-night, Citizen Hamilton. [*Passing to door.*] We have already made our adieux to ——

TALLYRAND.

[*Politely.*] Citizen Tallyrand.

[JEFFERSON *exits to street door which* ZEKIEL *is holding open.* ZEKIEL *hands him his hat.* TALLYRAND *comes down between sofa and table* C., *dropping his hat and gloves on sofa; he then moves across to in front of sofa.*

MONROE.

[*Shaking hands with* HAMILTON.] Good-night, Hamilton. [*Goes to room door and turns.*] That was a damned good proposition of yours.

HAMILTON.

[*At room door* L. *of* MONROE.] Oh, pardon me, gentlemen. The proposition came from you.

MONROE.

[*Coughing uncomfortably.*] Er—yes ——

[*Takes stick and hat from* ZEKIEL. *Exit* MONROE *and* JEFFERSON *through street-door up* R.

HAMILTON.

[*Slamming room door and coming down excitedly, placing his hands on* TALLYRAND'S *shoulders.*] Tallyrand, I needed some one to drink a toast with me. Here's to the government that's going to pay its debts. [*Picking up decanter.*

TALLYRAND.

I drink to that because I like to drink, but drinking will not make your government pay.

HAMILTON.

[*Pouring out two glasses.*] It's going to pay! It's going to pay!

TALLYRAND.

Who is going to make it?

HAMILTON.

[*Pointing.*] Jefferson and Monroe.

TALLYRAND.

[*Astounded.*] You have reformed them?

HAMILTON.

I have—and never struck a blow.

TALLYRAND.

[*Taking up glass.*] I drink, then, to Alexander Hamilton—the greatest of them all!

HAMILTON.

[*Taking up glass.*] That gives you an unfair advantage with the wine. If you will substitute the name of George Washington, I will drink with you.

TALLYRAND.

[*Shrugs shoulders.*] George Washington—yes.

HAMILTON.

[C., *holding up glass.*] To George Washington, the first American!

[*Both are in front of small table.*

TALLYRAND.

[R. *of* HAMILTON.] Well, I will drink anyhow.

[*They drink and put down glasses.*

HAMILTON.

[*Good-humored.*] You never did appreciate the greatness of my General.

TALLYRAND.

Oh, yes, he has a great big nose.

HAMILTON.

And a great big heart and a great big soul.

TALLYRAND.

But the brain, it is yours. [HAMILTON *about to interrupt.*] Don't let's quarrel over your General. I come to say good-bye.

HAMILTON.

You leave by to-night's boat?

TALLYRAND.

Yes, or rather it sails in the early hours of the morning.

HAMILTON.

Then you have plenty of time. [*Taking chair from in front of sofa and sitting* R. *of* C. *table.*] Sit down and have supper with me.

TALLYRAND.

[*Moving away to* L.] Oh, no—you Americans take too much food. When you are not doing something else, you are always sitting down to supper.

HAMILTON.

Well, be a good American and sit down then.

TALLYRAND.

[*Extending hand.*] No, no, I come to give you one last embrace. I am in haste. I must leave you. Adieu. [*Giving him his hand.*

HAMILTON.

[*Still seated.*] Why not stop and gossip? I've finished my work for to-night.

TALLYRAND.

To be frank with you, I have to make my adieux to some—er—ladies.

HAMILTON.

[*Rising.*] Oh!

TALLYRAND.

Ah, your American girls! I find them almost more irresistible than the French.

[*Enter* ZEKIEL *up* R. *with bottle of wine and two wine-glasses on tray; puts them on* C. *table.*

HAMILTON.

[*Laughing.*] And they're not so far away—eh? [*Digs him in the ribs.*

TALLYRAND.

[L. C.] Hamilton, you have finished your work for to-night. Why not come with me? If one is working all the day is it not right that one should play at night? [*Coming over to* HAMILTON.] A little spree, eh?

HAMILTON.

[*Smiling.*] Why—what do you call a little spree?

[ZEKIEL *is back of small table and can be seen smiling approvingly.*

TALLYRAND.

[*Shrugs.*] Oh-h—a—leetle spree. You are so good, Hamilton, and I love you for it, but I see the boy leap into your eyes when I say a little spree.

[*He puts hands on* HAMILTON'S *shoulders. Exit* ZEKIEL *up* R. *at back.*

HAMILTON.

[*Laughing and moving away to* R.] Do you? By Jove, I believe I deserve it!

TALLYRAND.

We are all of us human—except General Washington.

HAMILTON.

[*Protesting.*] Tallyrand!

TALLYRAND.

A little spree will do you good.

[*Going quickly back of sofa and getting hat and gloves.*

HAMILTON.

[*Crossing to table* C. *and picks up* BETSY'S *letter.*] No, I think not. I think I'll stay at home.

TALLYRAND.

Oh, yes, I know—Mrs. Hamilton is charming—Je l'adore, but she is away—she is away so long.

HAMILTON.

[*Coming to* TALLYRAND *and pulling himself together.*] No, no, no.

TALLYRAND.

I cannot tempt you?

HAMILTON.

I'm afraid you might. That's why I say good-bye. [*Takes hand.*] Sail home as fast as a fair wind will carry you. Your genius is universal, but your morals are indigenous to Paris. Godspeed!

[*They go up.* HAMILTON *opens room door.* ZEKIEL *opens street door.*

TALLYRAND.

[*Turning at room door.* HAMILTON *is on his left.*] Au 'voir, dear friend. When I am in France and I think of America one big figure will come before my eyes—Alexander Hamilton! The

man who makes the fortune of a nation in order to get a living for his family. Au revoir.

[*Exit* TALLYRAND.

HAMILTON.

[*Waving to him.*] Au revoir. Bon voyage. [*Comes into the room.*] Bolt the door, Zekiel; we've had enough for to-night. [ZEKIEL *bolts and chains street door, then enters room, closing room door.* HAMILTON *walks to his table and picks up Bill.*] Victory! Well, now, we'll go to bed, Uncle.

[*Sitting at table* L. *and putting away papers.*

ZEKIEL.

[*At room door.*] Fo' de Lawd's sake, Marse Cunnel, ain' yo' goin' to eat no suppah?

HAMILTON.

[*Remembering. Shuts drawer and comes to behind table* C.] Supper? Yes.

ZEKIEL.

[*Coming down to* R. *corner of table* C.] That's 'bout the fourth suppah I brought in this night, and yo' ain' goin' t' eat it.

HAMILTON.

I'm going to eat all that supper, and I'm going to finish this bottle of wine. [*Picking up decanter.*

ZEKIEL.

Don' yo' drink it on an empty stomach; it'll go straight to yo' haid. An' dere's noder bottle ain' been touched, an' de corkscrew a-lyin' close 'longside.

HAMILTON.

Zekiel, there's a conspiracy amongst you to lead me into temptation. [*Goes up to escritoire in* L. *corner, sits, and is putting away papers.*] You go to bed.

ZEKIEL.

Yes, Marse Hamilton. Yessah.

[*Goes up to bookcase* C. *at back and picking up an extinguisher begins to put out the four lighted candles; lights go down.* ZEKIEL *giggles audibly two or three times.*

HAMILTON.

What is it, Zekiel? What's the matter?

ZEKIEL.

[*Giggling.*] 'Scuse me, Marse Hamilton, but I jes' couldn't help heah what Cunnel Coun' Tallyran' say to yo' 'bout goin' on a little spree.

HAMILTON.

Ah, you mustn't be shocked, Uncle. He didn't mean it.

[*Coming down to table* L., *sitting and putting papers away in drawers.*

ZEKIEL.

Law, no, I ain' shocked! I think him right, Mars' Ham'ton, quite right.

HAMILTON.

What?

ZEKIEL.

[*Working to door up* R. *at back.*] Yo'-all been stickin' too close to wo'k. Leetle spree do yo' sight ob good.

HAMILTON.

Uncle!

ZEKIEL.

If I been a-wo'kin' night an' day, same's yo' been a-doin', reckon I'd lak a leetle spree myself.

[*Opens door* R.

HAMILTON.

Why, you black rascal, at your age!

ZEKIEL.

Wall, sah, dat am de on'y thing 'at 'ud pavent it, Marse Curnnel.

HAMILTON.

[*Laughing and going quickly toward door* R.; *shouts.*] Get off to bed!

[ZEKIEL *exits* R. *laughing; closes door.* HAMILTON *laughs, walks over to table* C., *sits, looks at food, feels loneliness, feels heat—rises—opens window* L. *onto balcony. Takes out handkerchief and wipes brow. Returning to* C. *table he chuckles at Bill on table* L. *as he passes. Sits down behind* C. *table and is pouring out a glass of wine when there is faint knocking at outer door, which he hardly hears and attaches no importance to. He is about to drink the wine when the knocking is repeated louder. He puts down the glass and opens room-door and listens. It comes again. He goes out and unbolts street-door and opens it.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Outside.*] Is this Mr. Alexander Hamilton's house?—

HAMILTON.

Yes, this is Mr. Hamilton's house.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Is he at home?

HAMILTON.

Yes, he is at home. What do you want?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

I want to see him.

HAMILTON.

Won't it do to-morrow?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Oh, no. I must see him to-night.

HAMILTON.

Come in.

[*Enter* MRS. REYNOLDS. *He closes street door but not room door.* MRS. REYNOLDS *wears a short, white muslin dress, filmy and simple. It is short-waisted, and cut low. Over this a straight, blue cape, with a little hood on back. Her hair is in ringlets. She looks like a sweet little schoolgirl. Her slippers are black, with white stockings and with black ribbons crossed over ankle. She comes to* C. *above table, taking in the room with a glance.* HAMILTON *follows and is on her* R.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

May I see him?

HAMILTON.

I am Mr. Hamilton.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Wide-eyed.*] Oh-h—are you Alexander Hamilton? I thought he was quite old. Why, you're young, aren't you?

HAMILTON.

[*Smiling.*] Not very young.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Why, you *are*. You look quite boyish. It's very late, isn't it?

HAMILTON.

It is rather late for business hours.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Were you just going to bed?

HAMILTON.

I think I was.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Oh, then I ought not to have disturbed you. When I got to your door I thought perhaps it might be too late. That's why I knocked with my knuckles instead of with the knocker.

[*Looking at her fingers and half holding them out but withdrawing them when he shows no particular interest.*

HAMILTON.

Yes, I wondered why you did that.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Smiling sweetly.*] Yes, it hurt them too. It was mighty nice of you to let me in.

HAMILTON.

[*Smiling.*] What do you want?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

I hardly like to tell you. [*Moving down a step.*

HAMILTON.

[*A little nonplussed.*] What's your name?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Reynolds—my name is.

HAMILTON.

Reynolds?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Yes. I'm related to the Livingstons of New York State.

HAMILTON.

[*Warmly.*] Oh!

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Yes. I've so often heard of you from the Livingstons.

HAMILTON.

[*Shaking hands with her.*] Yes, the Livingstons are very old friends of mine. Won't you sit down? [*Indicates chair* R. *of* C. *table; she sits demurely but with a "so far so good look" in her eye. He seats himself on the end of the sofa facing her.*] Well now, what can I do for you?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

I want money.

HAMILTON.

[*Astonished.*] Money? But—why did you come to me?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Innocently.*] Why, I'm an American. I'm in need of money. I thought it the place of the Secretary of the Treasury of my own country to help me.

HAMILTON.

[*Turning away for a moment amused.*] But, my child, I have no money. Why don't you go to Robert Livingston? He's in Philadelphia now.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*With a quick look away.*] Oh, is he? But my people are the Henry Livingstons.

HAMILTON.

Oh!

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Quickly.*] My father was in the Commissary Department during the war.

HAMILTON.

Was he?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Yes. Mr. Lewis, his name was.

HAMILTON.

[*Interestedly.*] Well, now, what do you want this money for?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*With a faltering voice.*] I want to run away.

HAMILTON.

To run away! From whom?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

My husband.

HAMILTON.

Your husband? Why, you're a child!

MRS. REYNOLDS.

I'm twenty-six. I don't look it, do I? Oh, he's been nothing to me for a long time, but to-night he came to my lodgings where I've been living and he struck me, here. [*Touching her breast.*] So I thought if you could give me the money that to-morrow I'd go to New York.

HAMILTON.

And to-night?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Oh, I can go back to my lodgings. [*With a Madonna-like simplicity.*] He won't come there again to-night.

HAMILTON.

[*Leaning forward.*] What did you say your name was?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Mrs. Reynolds—Maria is my first name. At home I was always called Joy.

HAMILTON.

Joy!

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Yes, Joy, but I haven't had much joy since I married. [*Breaking down.*] Oh, but I want it! I want joy and happiness.

HAMILTON.

[*After a pause. Rising and moving to* R. *and not quite knowing what to say to her; she glances at him quickly as he does so.*] Things will look brighter to-morrow. [*Bending over her.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Despondently.*] No, I've waited for years for things to be brighter to-morrow.

HAMILTON.

[*Sympathetically.*] I fear you are very tired.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

I am. [*With a side glance at the things on the table.*] I've had nothing since morning.

HAMILTON.

Haven't you? [*Suddenly remembering.*] Why, neither have I! [*Coming down* R. *a step or two.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Nothing to eat since morning! [*Rising.*] You poor boy! [*Putting her arms on his and then going quickly to back of* C. *table.*] Why, you've got all sorts of things here—and wine.

HAMILTON.

Will you have a glass of wine?

[*Curtain warning.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[L. *of table and above it.*] Oh, yes, I love wine! [*He gives it to her laughing. She drinks.*] Oh, I don't think I should have had it—I've had nothing to eat.

HAMILTON.

In that case, I believe, it goes straight to the head. [*They laugh.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Putting down glass.*] Aren't you going to have one?

HAMILTON.

Yes, I'm going to have one. Here's wishing that joy may come back into your life.

[*Drinks the glass he had already filled when the knock came.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Watches him and comes down a little in front of table.*] Do you know what it is to be lonely?

HAMILTON.

[*At* R. *corner of table.*] I do. I've been very lonely sometimes.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Going to him.*] I believe you're lonely now.

HAMILTON.

I believe I am.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Two lonely people, alone! Have you nobody here to talk to?

HAMILTON.

Nobody—but you. [*Recovering.*] And that is why I am going to send you away. But first, you must have some food. [*Moving to back of* C. *table.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Gently.*] Oh, no—not if you're afraid of my staying. I see you think it isn't right.

[*Backing away a little toward* L.

HAMILTON.

I think it's better not. But you must have some food.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Passing her hand over her brow.*] No, no, thank you. I will go. [*Moving over to* R. *of him.*

HAMILTON.

[*Coming down a step.*] But I can't let you go like this.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

No, I see I was wrong. I had no right to ask you for money.

HAMILTON.

But I don't like to ——

MRS. REYNOLDS.

No, thank you, I'll go—I ——

[*She reels slightly, falling into his arms.*

HAMILTON.

[*Catching her.*] What's the matter?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Recovering; dazed.*] I don't know what's come over me. I feel so hot and funny.

HAMILTON.

Well —— [*Looks for a place to seat her.*] Sit here. [*Sits her on sofa.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Looking up at him.*] It must have been the wine. [*They laugh.*

HAMILTON.

[*Having one knee on sofa, steps over sofa and comes behind her; arranges pillows at head of ditto.*] Rest here a moment.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Reclining and feeling her face.*] Feel my face how it's burning.

[*Takes his left hand and puts it on her left cheek, using her right hand to do so.*

HAMILTON.

I'll get you some water.

[*As he goes, she watches him and takes cloak from her shoulders with a quick movement, which shows the audience she is acting. He goes to* L. U. *end of table left and fills a glass of water from a decanter and brings it over to her. She looks up at him very appealingly and then slowly takes the glass in her right hand and sips.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

It's wonderful to be with some one who is kind to me.

[*Passing the glass into her left hand and giving to him; he takes it in his right hand.*

HAMILTON.

Are you feeling better? [*Bending over her.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Subtly getting her fingers into his right hand; he takes the glass in his left.*] Yes, yes. Let me stay—just a moment. [*She holds his hand very unconsciously and rests a moment with eyes closed.*] Now I'll go.

HAMILTON.

[*Bending low over her, recovers himself with an effort.*] I'll call my old negro servant. He shall take you home. [*Puts glass on* C. *table.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Rising quickly, and gathering cloak around her.*] Oh, no, no! What would he think? No, I'll go, thank you.

HAMILTON.

But I can't let you ——[MRS. REYNOLDS *slightly reels.*] I'll see you to your door.

[*Takes his hat and cloak from corner of bookcase up* C. *at back; puts cloak on.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*With a triumphant gleam in her eyes.*] Will

you? Oh, but, Mr. Hamilton, I couldn't dream of taking you out at this hour. It's so late.

[*Moves up* L. *of sofa.*

HAMILTON.

[*Coming down to her.*] That's why I can't let you go alone. [*Feels her thin cloak.*] But I'm afraid you'll be chilly in the night air. [*Putting his hat on and taking a second cloak from chair* R. *of bookcase* C. *at back.*] Here, put this around you.

[*Puts it around her.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Cuddling into it, they bump slightly and both laugh.*] Is it one of yours?

HAMILTON.

Yes. [*Laughing.*] And very big for you.

[*Stands* L. *of her.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

It's very cozy.

HAMILTON.

Now.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Brightly.*] May I take your arm?

[*Takes his right arm with her left.*

HAMILTON.

Why, you're feeling much better.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Oh, yes!

HAMILTON.

I think you had better have another glass of wine?

[*Laughing.*

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Oh, no, thank you; just take me home. Isn't it wonderful to be taken home by Alexander Hamilton?

[*They go toward street door up* R. HAMILTON *is seen arranging the cloak at her head and opening the street-door; they exit laughing as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as in Act II. In October of the same year. There are flowers about, accentuating the feeling that the woman of the house has come back. The furniture is all placed as at the rise of the second act. On the mantelpiece up stage end is a small vase of autumn flowers. On small table above fireplace large bowl of autumn flowers. On bookcase center at back a vase of goldenrod, on bookcase left, a small vase with yellow flowers and on* HAMILTON'S *table a glass bowl of violets. Washington's chair is placed a little further to left. The chair against wall below door left is removed and placed at left of* HAMILTON'S *table. The small chair back of sofa is placed under small table at window on right. A chair similar to the other chairs in the room is placed back of sofa. There are fresh lace curtains at windows.*

BETSY *is discovered on steps at center window, hanging last pair of curtains, assisted by* ZEKIEL, *who stands left of steps. She is in the highest of spirits and laughs at* ZEKIEL'S *fears for her safety.*

BETSY.

[*Laughing.*] Now, Zekiel, catch these curtains when I drop them.

ZEKIEL.

I certainly do wish you'd let me come up them steps 'stead ob you, Mis' Betsy.

BETSY.

Why, you dear old darky, you stay where you're safe.

ZEKIEL.

Yo've come all cross de ocean an' yo' still alive. Don' want nothin' to happen to yo' no sooner'n yo' get on tere firm. When yo' come home las' night, I cut'ny was glad to see yo'—an' Mis' Angelica, too—and Mars' Ham'ton has been jumpin' about lak a schoolboy evah since.

BETSY.

Now—catch! [*Drops curtain.*] And remember, Zekiel, when you get married and have a house of your own ——

ZEKIEL.

[*Yapping.*] Me git married! Ha, ha! Yo' sure is amusin'. Guess if I evah get mar'd, I won't have nothin' ob ma own. [*Laughs.*

BETSY.

Remember if you have lace curtains . . . you have *clean* ones.

[*Enter* ANGELICA CHURCH *in street clothes, door up* R., *apparently coming from the street.*

ANGELICA.

Why, Betsy Hamilton! [*Closing door and to* C.] I called to see if you were up! I see you are!

BETSY.

[*Up on the ladder.*] Angelica Church, the next time you have scarlet fever, I hope you'll have it in your own country and not drag me over to England to nurse you. The state of this house is beyond belief. [*Mounting another step.*

ANGELICA.

Betsy, if you're going to mount any higher, you'd better let *me* come and hold those steps.

[*Goes to steps* R. *of them.*

BETSY.

Now, Zekiel, take those curtains and give them to Mary for the wash.

ZEKIEL.

I will do that, Mis' Betsy. [*Moving to door* L.] I cut'ny do hope Mars' Ham'ton don' come in an' fine yo' riskin' yo' life yo' fust day home.

[*Exit* ZEKIEL, L.

ANGELICA.

How you can do it, I don't know. I've felt the motion of the boat all night. I wouldn't do that if you paid me.

BETSY.

If I could afford to pay you, Angelica, I'd employ somebody who knew how.

[ANGELICA *shakes steps in retaliation.* BETSY *screams.*

ANGELICA.

[*Coming down* C. *a little.*] Where's Amiable?

BETSY.

Angelica, I don't think it's fair that you should have a pet name for my husband.

ANGELICA.

Well, I've always called him Amiable because it fits him so much better than Alexander. Where is he?

BETSY.

I sent him to walk three times around the Common, while I took down those curtains.

ANGELICA.

He's a darling. I wonder you can bear to let him out of your sight.

BETSY.

[*Sitting on top step.*] I can't, dear, I can't. Oh, I'm so glad to be home! But when I came in here this morning I couldn't see anything but those dirty lace curtains, so I had to send him out.

ANGELICA.

[*Laughing.*] And then, it'll be nice to see him come in again, won't it? [*Sitting on end of sofa.*

BETSY.

How do you think he looks?

ANGELICA.

Hale and hearty.

BETSY.

Do you? I thought he was looking quite thin and pale.

ANGELICA.

Oh, because you've been away, of course. Well, I'm very sorry, but I think he looks fat and well.

BETSY.

I ought not to have left him.

ANGELICA.

You're terribly in love, aren't you?

[*Coming up to ladder.*

BETSY.

I am, Angelica, and I can't get over it. You know Alexander is the most wonderful man in the world.

ANGELICA.

[*Back to* C.] Is he? What about my husband?

BETSY.

Oh, well, John Church is a dear old thing, but you couldn't possibly be *terribly* in love with him, could you? Besides he's an Englishman.

ANGELICA.

What do you mean, Betsy Hamilton? I *am* terribly in love with him.

BETSY.

I know you are, dear, but you couldn't possibly love John as I love Alexander.

ANGELICA.

And why not?

BETSY.

Well, he's a dear, but he has no brains—now has he?

ANGELICA.

He has very good brains for an Englishman. [*Moves in front of sofa, removing shawl.*] Besides he's easier to manage that way.

[*Drops shawl on head of sofa.*

BETSY.

He's very nice and he's very rich, but he isn't Alexander.

ANGELICA.

Well, as I prefer having a husband to myself, it's just as well he isn't. [*They both laugh.* ANGELICA *sits end of sofa.* BETSY *resumes her work.*] Betsy, it's sheer nonsense, your going on doing all the work in this house as you do.

BETSY.

I like it.

ANGELICA.

You don't like it, and you know it. A daughter of General Schuyler doing this kind of work—it isn't right.

BETSY.

Well, you know Alexander's salary, don't you? Three thousand dollars a year.

ANGELICA.

Why don't you let father make you a decent allowance?

BETSY.

Alexander would rather die than take a penny from any one.

ANGELICA.

Then why don't you make him give up working

for his old country and let him work for himself and for you? [*Rising and crossing to back of table* L.] Father says he could make twenty thousand dollars a year easily as a lawyer in private practice.

BETSY.

[*Dusting panes of glass.*] The life of this Republic is dearer to him than anything else in the world.

ANGELICA.

Oh! Dearer than his wife and family, I suppose? [*Picking up paper.*

BETSY.

There's no question of that. I know his ambitions and I'm proud to be helping—if it's only in this way.

ANGELICA.

[*Throwing down paper disgustedly.*] Three thousand dollars a year! How do they expect him to provide for you? The government ought to be ashamed of itself. [*Shakes steps.*

BETSY.

[*Balancing herself on the top step.*] If you get so excited at the bottom of these steps, I shan't need anybody to provide for me.

[*Enter* HAMILTON, R. *door, hat and cane; he carries a rose.*

HAMILTON.

[*Slamming door behind him.*] Betsy Schuyler! Come down at once. What on earth are you doing up there?

BETSY.

[*Beaming at him.*] I wanted to get a good view of you as you came in, dear.

HAMILTON.

[*Putting stick against wall* R. *of bookcase at* C. *back.*] Come down, madam, immediately, or I'll come up and fetch you. [*Putting hat on bookcase.*

BETSY.

[*Extending both arms invitingly.*] I dare you to kiss me. [*He dashes for the steps.*

ANGELICA.

[*Intercepting him at* R. *of ladder.*] Now, if there's any kissing to be done, you start at the bottom of the ladder. [*She kisses him.*] I've left my husband in England, and I'm starving to death. [*Kisses him again.*] Good-morning, Amiable.

[*He kisses her.*

BETSY.

I'm coming down.

[*Descends hurriedly.* ANGELICA, *laughing, moves to* L.

HAMILTON.

I hadn't the heart to refuse her, Betsy. [*Embraces* BETSY *fondly.*] I've been starved so long myself.

[*He kisses* BETSY *and then gives her a rose he has brought with him. They come down stage together, he being on her* R. ANGELICA *also comes down on* BETSY'S L. ZEKIEL *enters* L.; *removes ladder on to balcony and exits on balcony toward* R.

ANGELICA.

Well, my duties as overseer being finished, I suppose I ought to go, but as I only got a glimpse of you last night, Amiable, I'm going to stay and share you with Betsy for the next five minutes.

BETSY.

Shall we let her?

HAMILTON.

Yes, yes. Let's be kind to her.

[*Sits sofa;* BETSY *sits on his* L.

ANGELICA.

Well, the vanity of these men! Now, tell me *all* you've been doing since Betsy went away.

[*Sitting on sofa,* R. *of* HAMILTON.

BETSY.

You've only got five minutes, you know.

ANGELICA.

I'll stay ten.

BETSY.

Even then I am afraid he will have to leave some things out.

ANGELICA.

Ah! Those are the things I should like to hear. Well, what have you been doing?

HAMILTON.

[*His arm around* BETSY.] Well, now I'll tell you—but pay great attention—these are state secrets. Part of my time has been spent in trying to save this country from rack and ruin.

ANGELICA.

What's rack?

BETSY.

Order, Mrs. Church.

ANGELICA.

I know what ruin is. It's the salary your country pays you for saving it.

HAMILTON.

Order in court!!

ANGELICA.

If you're the Judge, you've no right to be embracing that lady. [BETSY *is nestling during this.*

HAMILTON.

I'm not the Judge. I'm only the supporting Counsel. But *most* of my time ——

ANGELICA.

Ah!

HAMILTON.

[*Removing his arm and turning to* ANGELICA.] *Most* of my time has been spent in trying to find the things that Betsy put away before she *went* away.

BETSY.

[*Turning him toward her.*] Why, Alexander, I put everything in its proper place!

HAMILTON.

That's what caused all the trouble. That's why I could never find anything, till I had looked everywhere else.

ANGELICA.

Now, if that isn't just like John Church! Husbands are all alike.

HAMILTON.

[*Looking at* ANGELICA, *then turning to* BETSY.] You've seen her husband, Betsy?

BETSY.

Yes, dear.

HAMILTON.

Has she any right to make that statement?

BETSY.

No, dear.

HAMILTON.

Am I like her husband?

BETSY.

No, dear!

[*Assuming horror at the thought;* ANGELICA *rises.*

HAMILTON.

Then the court discharges her with a caution. We will proceed with the next case.

[*Folds* BETSY *in his arms and kisses her.*

ANGELICA.

For which, I presume, no witnesses will be called. Well, I'll go back to my father.

[*Crossing and taking her shawl.*

BETSY.

Oh, don't go, Angelica.

ANGELICA.

[*Turning* C.] Well, I won't, because my father's coming here to fetch me. [*Moves to door* L.] But I'll go into the kitchen and talk to Mary and Zekiel. [HAMILTON *makes movement; rises.*

ANGELICA.

No, don't leave the bench, Judge. I can open the door of my cell. [*Exit* L., *laughing.*

HAMILTON.

Betsy!

[*Kisses her fondly, then sits, placing his arm around her.*

BETSY.

[*Fondly.*] You're a real lover, aren't you, dear?

HAMILTON.

They've been long months without you. It seemed as though you were never coming back.

BETSY.

It was dreadful of me to stay away so long. But you know I couldn't help it.

HAMILTON.

You must never, never go away again.

BETSY.

I never will, dearest. [*She kisses him.*] But now that I am back, I'm going to be a dreadfully expensive wife. I'm going to take away all your savings. There are no end of things wanted for the house—and of course I haven't got a rag to my back. [*Laughs.*

HAMILTON.

[*Laughing uneasily.*] Well, Betsy, we'll pay a visit to the rag shop first, and the house can wait. [*Knock ready.*

BETSY.

No, no, we'll do the house first—and I'll wait. But you must have untold wealth hidden away. Why, there's two quarters' salary since I've been gone—and no wife to spend it for you.

HAMILTON.

[*Distressed.*] Betsy, I've had some unexpected expenses recently—but *next* quarter ——

BETSY.

Why, it's all right, dear. Everything can wait. Only I didn't know. I thought you'd been at home, busy, and hadn't much opportunity of spending.

HAMILTON.

I've had some expensive presents to make—diplomatic presents, you know.

BETSY.

[*With a little laugh.*] Oh, bribes.

HAMILTON.

[*Glancing at her quickly.*] I'm afraid it almost amounts to that.

BETSY.

That doesn't sound like you, Alexander. I can't bear to think —— [*Knock heard. They rise.*] Now, here's somebody coming to take you away from me, I suppose.

HAMILTON.

[*Embracing and kissing her.*] This is your day, Betsy, and wild horses shall not drag me from you.

SCHUYLER.

[*Off stage.*] Wait a moment, Judge. I'll see if he's at home. Mr. Hamilton at home, Uncle?

ZEKIEL.

[*Off.*] Walk right in, sah.

[ZEKIEL *opens room door and admits* SCHUYLER *and* CHIEF JUSTICE HAY. BETSY *to* C., HAMILTON R. JAY *follows* SCHUYLER; *the street door is also open. Before* JAY *enters,* BETSY *hurriedly removes her apron and throws it to* HAMILTON *who throws it to* ZEKIEL *when* JAY *has passed down.* ZEKIEL *exits* R., *closing room door, also street door.*

SCHUYLER.

[*Coming to* C. *behind* BETSY.] Here's Chief Justice Jay, Alexander. I met him on the door-step.

BETSY.

[*Up stage* C., *curtseying.*] How do you do, Judge Jay?

JAY.

Mrs. Hamilton [*bowing near door up* R. *and coming down*], I'm delighted to welcome you back.

[*Kisses her hand.*

SCHUYLER.

[*To* BETSY.] Good-morning, my dear.

BETSY.

Good-morning, father.

[*Kisses him; they come down,* BETSY *on his* L.

HAMILTON.

[*Giving his hand.*] Judge Jay, it is good of you to honor us with a visit. [JAY *comes to* HAMILTON.] You've been away.

JAY.

[*Down* R. *in front of sofa.*] Yes, for a month. On my return I went first to General Washington, whom I now find installed in Colonel Frank's house at Germantown.

HAMILTON.

Yes, the place was available as temporary executive quarters.

JAY.

I then came to pay my respects to Mrs. Hamilton and to congratulate you on your having converted Jefferson and Monroe to the support of your Bill.

[*Shaking* HAMILTON'S *hand.*

HAMILTON.

That is gradually filtering through to the other states, eh?

SCHUYLER.

Alexander's a wonder!

[*Extends hand.* HAMILTON *crosses to* C. *and takes it.*

HAMILTON.

You know, Jefferson and Monroe have withheld the news of their capitulation as long as possible.

They're desperately afraid of what their followers will say.

JAY.

It's amazing. I didn't believe that Jefferson would yield one inch.

SCHUYLER.

After all his yelling and shouting about the Rights of Man! Alexander's a wonder!

[*Taking out his snuff-box and taking a pinch.*

JAY.

[*Laughing.*] What excuse will he make to his constituents?

HAMILTON.

[C. SCHUYLER *on his* L., JAY *on his* R., BETSY *on his* L.] He'll just take his pen in his hand and write a cantata and his constituents will lift up their voices and sing. [*All laugh.*

SCHUYLER.

Sing what?

[*Handing* HAMILTON *snuff-box, who does not take any but holds the open box for* JAY *who takes a pinch.*

HAMILTON.

Jefferson's praises, of course.

BETSY.

How did you do it?

SCHUYLER.

Bribery. Bribery and corruption!

BETSY.

You didn't give Mr. Jefferson your two quarters' salary?

HAMILTON.

No, my dear. I gave him the Capital of the United States.

[*Handing snuff-box back to* SCHUYLER.

BETSY.

But there isn't one!

HAMILTON.

That's what made it so easy.

[*Laughter; goes up* C.

SCHUYLER.

Ah, if it could only have been in Albany!

JAY.

[*With a touch of indignation.*] Albany? Why put the Capital at the other end of the river? It should be in New York.

HAMILTON.

[*Coming down between them, laughing.*] Let us resign it to Jefferson—on the Potomac. It's a long way from civilization, and the river will carry off the refuse of debate. The representative of the separate states can pour their slander and vituperation into the Potomac—until they damn it, while the Hudson will remain unrestrained to carry on the business of the country.

[*They all laugh.* HAMILTON *goes back of table* L., SCHUYLER *toward sofa and sits on* L. *end of it.*

BETSY.

[*Curtseying to* JAY.] Good-morning, Your Honor. I must tell you that my husband has promised this day to me.

HAMILTON.

Are you on business, Judge Jay?

JAY.

[*Down* R.] I think I shall not detain you long.

HAMILTON.

Then, my dear —— [*Coming to her by* R. *of table.*

BETSY.

[*Smiling.*] You said wild horses should not drag you from me.

HAMILTON.

I think the Judge hardly comes under that class; you see he is controlled by the harness of the state.

JAY.

[*Laughing and to* C.] Which makes him a very tame horse indeed.

BETSY.

In ten minutes, then, I shall take the reins and drive you away.

[*Exits* L., *brightly. He follows her to door.*

JAY.

You must be proud of your daughters, General Schuyler.

SCHUYLER.

Proud? Why, since they've been back my bosom has so swelled with pride that my foot has sunk into insignificance.

HAMILTON.

[*Taking chair from* L. *of table and placing it* L. C. *in front of table.*] Will you sit down, Judge? [*Indicates chair* R. *of table.*] There was something you wished to say to me?

JAY.

[*Coming to chair* R. *of table.*] Yes—er—yes. Ahem! What a very pleasant room you have here. [*Tentatively.*

HAMILTON.

I'm beginning to doubt it, Judge Jay.

JAY.

[*Surprised.*] To doubt it? Why?

[*Sits* R. *of table.*

HAMILTON.

That is precisely the remark Mr. Jefferson made when he had something unpleasant to say to me.

[*Sits* L. C. *in front of table, but facing somewhat toward* JAY.

JAY.

You are right. I have something that it is not easy to say to you.

SCHUYLER.

Do you wish me to go, Judge?

JAY.

No, General, I very much desire that you should stay. Mr. Hamilton, it is sometimes difficult to determine how far a public man realizes the extent of his influence on the character of others. You are a modest man, but I think you must know that the eyes of the nation are turned toward you as an honorable man who is to steer this country clear of grave dangers.

HAMILTON.

I am, at any rate, conscious of great responsibilities.

JAY.

That is so—great and grave responsibilities. No one but yourself can persuade the government to assume the debts of the states.

HAMILTON.

The value of the coöperation of Jefferson and Monroe on that issue cannot be overrated.

JAY.

Yes. The Anti-Federalists are with you on that issue as long as they have to be, but it is my belief that they are looking for a loophole, a way out.

HAMILTON.

What makes you believe that?

JAY.

[*Pause.* HAMILTON *waits.*] I will be frank with you. I have been several times annoyed by the receipt of anonymous letters threatening exposure of some scandal connected with the Secretary of the

Treasury. I wished you to remain, General Schuyler, because I want it understood that my confidence in Colonel Hamilton is unbounded. I have traced these letters to a man named Reynolds.

HAMILTON.

Oh, yes.

JAY.

You know him?

HAMILTON.

Yes.

JAY.

He was recently arrested for perjury in connection with a state case. Do you know anything of the case?

HAMILTON.

No, but the prosecution was made through the Treasury Department, and he wrote to me, begging me to use my influence to obtain his release.

JAY.

And you refused.

HAMILTON.

Yes, I refused.

JAY.

Had he any reason to believe that you would help him?

HAMILTON.

Yes, good reason.

JAY.

Why did you refuse?

HAMILTON.

Because I have never used my public office for my private ends.

JAY.

By that I understand that the man has some claim upon you.

HAMILTON.

Yes.

JAY.

It has come to my knowledge that since his arrest certain papers or letters have fallen into the hands of Senator Monroe, and that some information has been passed on to the unscrupulous Giles of Virginia. [*Enter* ZEKIEL *up* R.

ZEKIEL.

Sentah Monroe an' Mr. Giles to see yo', sah.

[JAY *and* SCHUYLER *look toward each other.*

HAMILTON.

[*Rising.*] It looks as if your information were correct, Judge Jay.

JAY.

[*Rising.*] I'll take my leave.

HAMILTON.

Excuse me. I ask you both to remain. Show them in, Zekiel.

[*Exit* ZEKIEL. HAMILTON *places chair back* L. *of table.*

JAY.

[*Meeting him in front of table and taking his hand.*] Understand, Hamilton, my confidence in your integrity is unshakable.

[*Enter* ZEKIEL. JAY *to* L.

ZEKIEL.

Sentah Monroe and Mr. Giles.

[*Enter* MONROE *and* GILES *up* R.

HAMILTON.

[*Down* C. *and bowing.*] Gentlemen, you honor me. [*Exit* ZEKIEL *door up* R.

MONROE.

[*Coming down.*] I'm sorry if I interrupt you, Mr. Hamilton, but my errand is important.

[HAMILTON *meets them* C.

GILES.

[*On* MONROE'S R.] How do, Hamilton?

[SCHUYLER *shows annoyance at* GILES' *loud manner.*

HAMILTON.

Mr. Giles. [*Bows.*

MONROE.

Citizen Jay.

JAY.

Senator Monroe. [*They bow.*

GILES.

How do, Judge? [JAY *doesn't bow to* GILES.

HAMILTON.

Judge Jay called —— Won't you sit down, Mr. Monroe? [MONROE *sits* R. *of table.* GILES *remains standing.*] Judge Jay called to express his pleasure at your coöperation in connection with the States' Debts. [JAY *sits* L. *of table.*

MONROE.

Yes, I trust we shall have no reason to alter our decision on that point.

HAMILTON.

[*Standing back of table.*] I, too, trust that you will not find it expedient to break your word.

GILES.

It's not a matter of breaking words; it's a matter of public opinion.

HAMILTON.

Oh, I was not referring to you, Mr. Giles. Everybody knows that you would never be guilty of a breach of faith.

GILES.

Ugh! [*Moves across* R. *in front of sofa.*

HAMILTON.

Unless it were made absolutely worth your while.

GILES.

[*Turning.*] That remark is uncalled for, sir!

HAMILTON.

True. Tell me, Mr. Giles, what *have* you called for?

MONROE.

We have called, Citizen Hamilton, on business of a private character.

HAMILTON.

Do you wish us to be alone?

MONROE.

I think you would prefer it.

ZEKIEL.

[*Enters up* R., *announcing.*] Mr. Thomas Jefferson!

[*Enter* JEFFERSON *to* C. MONROE *and* JAY *rise.*

HAMILTON.

[*Greets him* C.] Mr. Jefferson!

JEFFERSON.

You will excuse me, Citizen Hamilton, but I received a note from Citizen Monroe asking me to meet him here at this hour. I trust I do not intrude.

MONROE.

I told Mr. Jefferson that the business was urgent.

JEFFERSON.

Otherwise, I assure you, I should not have taken this liberty.

HAMILTON.

[*To* MONROE.] Does your business relate to my public office as Secretary of the Treasury?

GILES.

It does.

HAMILTON.

Then I am gratified that you are here, Mr. Jefferson, and I shall ask you, gentlemen, to allow Chief Justice Jay and General Schuyler to remain.

MONROE.

[*Stiffly.*] If you wish it.

HAMILTON.

[*Taking chair from behind sofa and placing it* C. JEFFERSON *shakes hands with* SCHUYLER *and then sits.*] Pray be seated, Mr. Jefferson.

[MONROE *and* JAY *sit.* HAMILTON *to back of table.*

MONROE.

Mr. Hamilton, I am compelled to ask you if you are acquainted ——

HAMILTON.

It may facilitate matters if I say that I *am* acquainted with a man of the name of Reynolds.

GILES.

[*Standing down* R. *in front of sofa.*] James Reynolds.

HAMILTON.

I'm not sure of his first name. He is hardly an intimate acquaintance of mine. I believe it is James. You probably know him as Jim. Won't you sit down? [GILES *does not hear him.* HAMILTON *repeats.*] Won't you sit down?

[*Indicates large chair* L. GILES *crosses and sits.* HAMILTON *sits back of table.*

MONROE.

The man Reynolds has placed in my hands certain letters which show that he has recently received from you considerable sums of money.

HAMILTON.

You are apparently in his confidence, Mr. Monroe. —

GILES.

Those letters were brought to us unasked.

HAMILTON.

I see. The letters were also uncalled for.

MONROE.

You say you are not intimately acquainted—what was that money paid for?

HAMILTON.

May I be allowed to see the documents in question?

[MONROE *takes them from his pocketbook, and hands them to* HAMILTON.

GILES.

[*After* HAMILTON *has looked at a few of them.*] What was that money paid for?

HAMILTON.

Didn't your friend tell you—I mean before he was arrested for perjury?

GILES.

[*Hotly.*] He's not my friend! I never saw the man till he came to me on the subject of these letters.

HAMILTON.

Are you sure?

GILES.

Of course I'm sure!

[*Crosses his legs uneasily. Looks under seat.*

HAMILTON.

That is George Washington's chair!

GILES.

[*Angrily pulls chair around to face* HAMILTON.] There seems to be no doubt that you paid him the money.

HAMILTON.

There seems to be no doubt about that.

MONROE.

Mr. Hamilton, I should not be here if I had not been forced by the facts before me. But I cannot disbelieve the evidence of my own eyes. There are your letters proving that the money was paid to Reynolds, and we are compelled to ask you why you paid it.

HAMILTON.

Who compels you to do that?

MONROE.

Our sense of duty, Citizen Hamilton.

HAMILTON.

Duty to whom?

MONROE.

To the country—to the people—to the citizens of this Republic.

HAMILTON.

This has nothing to do with the country or the people. This is my own private affair.

GILES.

We know why you paid the money—Reynolds told us.

HAMILTON.

Oh, you know, do you?

GILES.

Yes, we know.

HAMILTON.

Then you haven't come for information—but merely for the love of sport.

MONROE.

That money was paid out of the Treasury of the United States.

HAMILTON.

It was paid out of my own personal account.

MONROE.

That we shall require to have proved. But you know what it was paid for.

HAMILTON.

Yes, I know what it was paid for, and from what Mr. Giles says, you know also.

[*Opening drawer of table, drawer on* R.

MONROE.

I do. It was paid to this man that he might buy up the states' paper—the states' debts.

HAMILTON.

[*Stopping opening drawer quickly.*] What do you mean?

MONROE.

That he might buy up the states' debts, for your benefit.

HAMILTON.

[*Rising.*] What!

MONROE.

A stock-jobbing gamble.

JAY.

Come, come, Mr. Monroe. You have only the man's word for that.

SCHUYLER.

The word of a man who is arrested for perjury.

MONROE.

[*Turning to* SCHUYLER.] Reynolds gives conclusive evidence that Mr. Hamilton gave him advance information of the proposed Government Assumption of States' Debts; that he gave him the money to buy up the paper at bargain prices; and that his share in the spoils will be five million dollars. [*Turning to* HAMILTON *and striking table.*

HAMILTON.

[*Genuinely surprised.*] So that's what he told you, did he? That's the reason for the whole—thing.

MONROE.

And there are the proofs of the money you gave him. [*Pointing to paper in* HAMILTON'S *hands.*

HAMILTON.

[*After a pause and looking through letters.*] Thirty dollars—twenty-five dollars—one hundred dollars —— Very modest amounts for purposes of speculation.

JAY.

Very.

GILES.

Just as dishonest to steal ten dollars as ten millions.

MONROE.

You can't dodge, Hamilton. I owe it to this country to expose this damned business. You use your official information to rob the patriots who raised the money to save this nation!

JAY.

No! No!

SCHUYLER.

Mr. Monroe!

MONROE.

He makes them believe their loans will never be paid, and then he hires this man to buy up their claims—and hoodwinks us into passing his bill for him.

JAY.

Senator Monroe, we entirely lack proof of this.

HAMILTON.

Gentlemen—let us try to be frank with one another. You have come here to-day not because you believe me guilty of this accusation, not because you feel any duty to the public, but because you repent the bargain you made with me to vote for my bill. You are afraid of your own party. Your courage has failed you, and you believe this to be a tremendous opportunity to free yourselves from your promise. [JEFFERSON *protests.*] That is the true statement of fact, Mr. Jefferson, whatever you may think to the contrary. You dislike me—you are afraid of me—and this is part of an organized conspiracy to force me to resign, and so to end

your difficulties. This is not the first time that you have accused me, but it is the first time that I have been unwilling to strike back at you. Time and again you have charged me with dishonesty in the Treasury. Three months ago you set the trusty Giles on to covertly accuse me of cooking the accounts. Within ten days, as you know, after going through endless records, I proved that there was no shadow of foundation for your accusation, and you slunk away whipped and defeated. And now here you are yelping at my heels again and ready to tear me to pieces. This time you are bolder. You come to me with an open accusation of absolute dishonesty. This accusation is based on the evidence of one James Reynolds, an obscure and worthless man. Had I desired to defraud the Treasury should I have been driven to the necessity of unkennelling Reynolds to assist me? Gentlemen, it is not a reasonable accusation. If I felt that you really believed that this was even remotely connected with my office, I should not hesitate to give you proof to the contrary. But you know that what you accuse me of has no foundation in truth. [*Pause.*] I admit that I had transactions with the man Reynolds [*movement of interest from the others*], but they were of a private nature, and I swear that my connection with him is in no way bound up with my public office. I make an appeal to your sense of justice, and I ask you, gentlemen, to drop this investigation.

JAY.

[*After a slight pause.*] In deference to Mr. Hamilton, I think, gentlemen, that should close the matter.

SCHUYLER.

There is no question of the honor of Alexander Hamilton.

JEFFERSON.

Mr. Hamilton has indeed made a very moving appeal.

MONROE.

If the facts are not as stated, why not tell us what they are?

HAMILTON.

Because such disclosure would be useless to you and would cause much suffering to some who are very near and dear to me.

JEFFERSON.

[*As if about to rise.*] Well, in that case, Citizen Hamilton ——

MONROE.

But I don't see how —— Do you mean it's a domestic affair?

HAMILTON.

[*Uneasily.*] In a sense, yes.

MONROE.

Something that affects your wife?

HAMILTON.

[*Restraining himself.*] Yes, sir. Something that affects my wife ——

[*There is a moment of embarrassment.* MONROE *shows that he does not wish to proceed.*

GILES.

[*Rising.*] Mr. Hamilton, as a trusted representative of the State of Virginia, I feel it my duty to ask you a few questions.

HAMILTON.

[*Looks at* GILES *hard for several moments and then sits. Great restraint.*] Yes.

GILES.

In the first place, in what way is your wife mixed up ——

HAMILTON.

[*Springing up and striking table. Furious.*] Stop! There shall be no more of this. I am ashamed of the act that has led to this inquiry, but I am more ashamed of my cowardice in begging your charity. You shall have the facts. During the absence of my wife abroad, I became intimate with Mrs. Reynolds —— [*Sensation.*] It doesn't matter how or where, but the thing happened—to my eternal disgrace. Since that night I have been paying hush-money to the man Reynolds. He has never ceased to blackmail me. [*Taking letters from drawer.*] Here are his letters with demands for money. They form the sequel to those which you now hold; and here are three or four love letters from Mrs. Reynolds, which I am sure you will enjoy reading.

[*Throwing them on table toward* GILES, *shutting drawer and moving across to extreme* R. *at back and back again.*

SCHUYLER.

[*Rising. Thunderstruck.*] Alexander!

HAMILTON.

Father, I have no excuse to make. [GILES *picks up the letters and crosses quickly and shows them to* JEFFERSON. JEFFERSON *turns away saying "No, no."* GILES *then turns to* MONROE. MONROE *takes the letters and throws them on the table saying: "I prefer not."* HAMILTON *comes back of table.*] Since this accusation has been made I must insist on your reading all these documents. These are his—and these are hers. They both form part of the plot in which you are now involved. You will find no mention of state debts in them. Her letters are an attempt to drag me into a prolonged intrigue, and were necessary for the full effect of his black-mailing. [*Looking at* GILES *who is standing* C. *between* MONROE *and* JEFFERSON.] A conspiracy from beginning to end. A conspiracy to discredit Washington's administration and my office. Will you read them or do you condemn me to read them to you?

[*He pulls off the tapes from her letters and is about to read.*

BETSY.

[*Heard off* L., *calling.*] Alexander? [*A moment of suspense. Enters door* L.] Alexander! Oh, I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I thought you had gone. [*The men rise and there is an awkward pause.*] But this was to be my day with my husband. Won't you let him off till to-morrow? We've been parted so long, you know. Won't you, Mr. Jefferson?

[*She is down* L. *in front of table.* JAY *moves to* C. *and meets* JEFFERSON *and* MONROE. *They make a group there.* GILES *moves to*

R. *in front of sofa.* SCHUYLER *has worked across at back and is coming down* L.

HAMILTON.

[*Coming by* L. *of table to her rapidly.*] In a few moments, dear—in a few moments, and then I'll come.

BETSY.

But you look so tired, dear—so tired and old. I've never seen you look old before.

HAMILTON.

I've grown old in your absence, dear. I'll come in a few moments—very soon.

BETSY.

And we'll look at the shops—and you'll be my boy again.

HAMILTON.

[*Kisses her hand.*] Yes, dear.

JAY.

[*Coming to* L. C.] I don't think we need to ask Mrs. Hamilton to withdraw. Our business is over, and I apologize for having kept him so long. You came to take the reins, eh, Mrs. Hamilton? I think I will go before you use the whip. [SCHUYLER *has joined* BETSY *by this time.* JAY *draws* HAMILTON *away to* C.] I sincerely regret that you should have been subjected to this.

BETSY.

[*Down* L. *in front of table. By instinct.*] Is something the matter, father?

SCHUYLER.

[*On her* R. *Tries to distract her attention.*] It's all right, my dear; it's all right.

JEFFERSON.

[*Quietly, to* HAMILTON.] Citizen Hamilton, I am heartily ashamed of having obtruded myself into this business. I give you my word that not one syllable of this shall ever pass my lips.

MONROE.

I'm sorry. I was misinformed. . . . I apologize.

[*They bow to* HAMILTON *and he follows them as they move toward the door up* R. BETSY *is conscious of something the matter, and lingers, although you see* SCHUYLER *is trying to get her away.*

GILES.

[*Who has been walking restlessly to and fro down* R.] Wait a minute, wait a minute! [*They all stop and turn.* JEFFERSON *at door,* MONROE *following.* HAMILTON C. *and* JAY C. *to* L. *Up stage.*] I don't want to speak before Mrs. Hamilton, but this thing hasn't been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

JEFFERSON.

[*Coming back a few steps.*] Surely there is nothing more to be said.

JAY.

Mr. Hamilton has met you fairly and straightforwardly.

GILES.

[R. C. *in front of sofa.*] I have nothing to say against Mr. Hamilton, but ——

JAY, JEFFERSON AND MONROE.

Sh-sh!

[MONROE *comes down* R. *behind* JEFFERSON.

GILES.

[*Loudly and pugnaciously.*] I won't be muzzled. I am a trusted representative of Virginia, and it is my duty to do the best for my state.

HAMILTON.

[C.] I think, gentlemen, we will not endeavor to restrain Mr. Giles in the execution of his duty.

GILES.

If Mrs. Hamilton will be good enough to retire ——

[BETSY *looks toward* HAMILTON, *rather worried and scared.*

HAMILTON.

No, gentlemen, with your permission I shall ask my wife to remain.

[*Sensation. Slight pause.* HAMILTON *moves to chair* R. *of table but does not sit.*

GILES.

Oh, I see, you want to gag me.

HAMILTON.

On the contrary, I am hoping that you will remove the seal from my own lips.

GILES.

You mean that you want me to speak out?

HAMILTON.

[*Loudly and startlingly.*] Yes, I want you to speak out.

GILES.

[*Slightly taken aback by his tone.*] Very well. [*Moves to* C.] Alexander Hamilton, you don't like me, but I am going to prove to you that I am your friend. [HAMILTON *glances at him.*] You don't believe it, but I am going to prove it to you. What would you say if the newspapers got hold of this story?

[*Slight movement from* JEFFERSON *and* MONROE. *They exchange a glance of disapproval.*

HAMILTON.

Which—my story or yours?

GILES.

Now, it's no use getting personal—it isn't my story, it's Reynolds'. What would you say if the newspapers came out to-morrow with the story that the Secretary of the Treasury had borrowed the Nation's money to speculate with—to buy up the States' paper?

HAMILTON.

[*Looking at his wife, who has started and is being restrained by* SCHUYLER.] For the moment, I don't know what I should say, Mr. Giles.

GILES.

It wouldn't be any use trying to get your bill

through then, not even with Jefferson and Monroe behind you. Public opinion would be too strong.

JEFFERSON.

[*Coming in between* HAMILTON *and* GILES.] Citizen Hamilton, you must excuse me. I cannot stand by while Citizen Giles continues in this way. I wish to express my regret that a representative of Virginia should behave in such a deplorable manner. [*Bows to* HAMILTON.] I take my leave.

[*Exit door up* R. *and shuts door after him.* MONROE *is following but stops at room door as* GILES *speaks. Curtain warning.*

GILES.

[*Moving across to* R. *back angrily.*] Well, Jefferson's words don't alter facts—at least not with me they don't.

JAY.

[L. C. *at back.*] Is there any danger of the newspapers getting it?

GILES.

[*Coming to* C.] There's more than a danger; it's a fact that the *Advertiser* has got the story and is going to publish it in to-morrow's issue, unless ——

HAMILTON.

[*In front of chair* R. *of table.*] Unless ——

GILES.

I think it would be better if Mrs. Hamilton ——

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Hamilton is your hostess. You said, "unless"——

GILES.

Well, unless, of course, you deny it, which you couldn't very well because there are the proofs that the money was paid to Reynolds, and you can't explain why.

HAMILTON.

[*After a pause and sitting.*] You've got me, haven't you?

GILES.

Now, Mr. Hamilton, if you will withdraw your Bill, I'll guarantee that the story shall not be printed.

BETSY.

[*Crossing to* HAMILTON.] I don't know what foundation you have for your false accusations against Colonel Hamilton, but he must not give up that Bill. He's worked and slaved, and gained the confidence of all the world with that in view, and he must not give it up!

HAMILTON.

Can you bear the alternative, Betsy?

BETSY.

I must bear it.

HAMILTON.

Can you bear that I, the Secretary of the Treasury, should be accused of cheating the people?

BETSY.

Bear it? Why, of course, because I know it isn't true.

HAMILTON.

[*Rising.*] How do you know it isn't true?

BETSY.

What do you mean? Because I know you, Alexander.

HAMILTON.

[*Advancing to her.*] Do you know me—do you?

BETSY.

Tell me what you mean?

HAMILTON.

[*Taking her by the arms.*] Why don't you suspect me—why do you trust me?

BETSY.

Don't—don't! Tell me what it is. You can prove it isn't true.

HAMILTON.

I can, but I dare not.

BETSY.

You dare not?

HAMILTON.

I dare not tell the truth. I did pay certain sums of money.

BETSY.

What for? What did you pay it for?

HAMILTON.

To keep from the light something of which I am ashamed—to hide something shameful from you.

SCHUYLER.

[*Down* L.] Alexander, have you no feeling for your wife? Betsy, go ——

HAMILTON.

[*Stepping back from* BETSY.] Father, it's better that she should know. Betsy ——

SCHUYLER.

You're not going to drag that woman ——

JAY.

Oh! [*A moment of dead awful silence.*

BETSY.

[*Turning dazed to* SCHUYLER.] It's not a woman? [*He bows his head. She turns to* HAMILTON *and sees the guilt on his face.*] Oh! ——

SCHUYLER.

Betsy, my girl!

BETSY.

[*Lifting her head, dazed, but with a sense of pride.*] Does any one else know?

SCHUYLER.

[*Quietly.*] Mr. Jefferson, that is all.

BETSY.

[*Looking at* MONROE *and* JAY.] Will they tell?

JAY AND MONROE.

No.

BETSY.

[*Slowly.*] Then it need never be known.

GILES.

Then you withdraw your Bill?

HAMILTON.

[*With a great sudden outburst.*] No—no —— I can't do it. I've done with bargains. I've bargained with my conscience long enough. I'm covered with shame and remorse, but I can't stand in the mud and barter what I believe to be America's honor. My Bill stands. Get out and tell your story, and I'll tell mine.

GILES.

What'll you tell?

HAMILTON.

The truth! [*Picking up letters.*] The whole degrading, sordid truth. In to-morrow's newspaper I'll publish every fragment of evidence in connection with my disgrace with this woman. If there is to be dishonor, it shall fall on me and not on this administration. I sacrifice my office—I sacrifice my wife,—but, by God, Betsy, I can't sell my country. [*With a peremptory gesture to* GILES.] Now go!!!

[GILES *goes toward door* R. *and the curtain falls quickly.*

[PICTURE.—MONROE *is going;* HAMILTON, C., *looking toward door;* SCHUYLER *takes* BETSY *in his arms.* GILES *is seen going through street door. He glares at* HAMILTON *and bangs the door after him.*

CURTAIN

ACT IV

SCENE.—*A room in* HAMILTON'S *house; the next morning. It is a lofty anteroom, with very large folding doors centre, which, when opened, disclose a large reception room beyond. There are doors down right and left and a window up right. The room is severe in its Colonial dignity, very large panels being either side of the folding door, and on the walls right and left. The general tone is of a yellowish cream relieved with gray. A harpsichord is on stage down right centre and a chair in front of it. Black console tables with a pair of marble vases stand against the walls right and left of centre doors at back. Hanging above the consoles in black oval frames are two old-fashioned pictures of flowers. A three-piece Chippendale settee is against the wall left above the door. Lace curtains and blue rep hangings on window up right. When centre doors are opened you see a large handsome mantel at back with windows right and left hung with red rep curtains. Two small square tables in front of windows, and a large mahogany table in centre in front of fireplace. Ornaments on mantel and vases on small tables. The doors are closed.*

GENERAL SCHUYLER *discovered standing in centre of room dejectedly, with newspaper clutched in hand. Boy calling "Paper!" heard through window. Boy calls, "Federalist! Federalist!*

Philadelphia Evening Sun! Confession of Alexander Hamilton!" SCHUYLER *goes and slams down window. Returns to centre and looks at newspaper. Enter* ANGELICA *down on right. She has evidently been crying. She goes up to her father and kisses him sympathetically. He instantly puts paper behind back.*

SCHUYLER.

Where's Betsy?

ANGELICA.

[R. *of him.*] Still in her room.

SCHUYLER.

I wish Alexander would come.

ANGELICA.

He's still locked in his study.

SCHUYLER.

He's been writing since early morning. Can't you get him out?

ANGELICA.

I've tried. I told him there were people waiting to see him. He called out, "Let them wait."

SCHUYLER.

But this room [*pointing to doors up stage*] is full of men—Senators, Congressmen, and heaven knows who besides. It's not like him to run away.

ANGELICA.

He won't run away.

SCHUYLER.

The thing's done. He's got to face the music.

ANGELICA.

He'll face it.

SCHUYLER.

How does Betsy seem now?

ANGELICA.

She's so deadly calm. I wish she'd cry or rave—be more human.

SCHUYLER.

She's determined to go?

ANGELICA.

Yes, I can do nothing with her.

SCHUYLER.

[*Looking at paper.*] It's a bad business—a bad business. [*Putting paper behind him quickly.*

ANGELICA.

[R. C.] You needn't hide that paper. I'm not ashamed of it.

SCHUYLER.

[*Surprised.*] You're not?

ANGELICA.

[*Coming to him.*] Oh, father, isn't he wonderful?

SCHUYLER.

Who?

ANGELICA.

Alexander.

SCHUYLER.

Well—er ——

ANGELICA.

Oh, I wish he were my husband—I should be proud of him.

SCHUYLER.

Angelica, if you'd only been a man—if you'd been my eldest son instead of my eldest daughter, I'd have taken you by the hand and called you a fine fellow [*shakes hands with her*], but those are hardly the proper sentiments for a young married woman.

ANGELICA.

If he were my husband, I'd show him how a woman can forgive.

SCHUYLER.

But he isn't your husband, and that makes all the difference. Don't be hard on Betsy. It's easy enough for one woman to forgive another woman's husband. [*Enter* ZEKIEL *door* L.

ZEKIEL.

Speakah Mullenburg an' Mistah Morris has jes' come.

SCHUYLER.

Did you say Mr. Hamilton was engaged?

ZEKIEL.

Yessah, but they said lack de odders dat dey'd wait, so I done showed 'em into de room wid de rest of 'em.

ANGELICA.

Very-well, Zekiel.

ZEKIEL.

They ain' goin' to do nothin' to Mars' Hamilton, is dey, sah?

SCHUYLER.

No, no, no!

ZEKIEL.

[*Going out.*] Wal, I done wish dey wouldn't all stan' roun' waitin' for him. [*Exit,* L.

ANGELICA.

[*Up stage* R. C.] I'm glad I'm not your eldest son, after all, father.

SCHUYLER.

What is it now, Angelica?

ANGELICA.

[*Indicating toward inner room* C.] If these are fair samples of men, I'm glad I'm not one of the tribe. All waiting around to kick a man when he's down.

[*Crossing in front to* L. *Enter* BETSY *door* R., *dressed for the street.*

SCHUYLER.

Oh, there you are, Betsy! Going out?
[*Assumed brightness.*

BETSY.

[R. C.] Yes, I'm going, father. Has Alexander come down?

SCHUYLER.

Not yet. Where are you going?

BETSY.

I'm going to Albany, father, to wait for you. I'm going home.

SCHUYLER.

Won't you stay and see him?

BETSY.

Things for him will go on just as if I had not come back from Europe. That is all. He can resume that life. The coach for Albany leaves at noon.

SCHUYLER.

[C.] You'd better see him, Betsy.

BETSY.

[R. C.] I've seen the morning paper.

ANGELICA.

[L. C.] And so have I—read every word of it—twice.

SCHUYLER.

Well, if your sister's determined to go, you had better get your things together, Angelica, and go with her. She can't go alone.

ANGELICA.

Why don't *you* go with her?

SCHUYLER.

I can't leave Alexander at a time like this.

ANGELICA.

Well, neither can I. Betsy's the only one who can leave him, so she must go alone.

SCHUYLER.

Come, come, Angelica. You mustn't talk like that.

BETSY.

[*Coming to* SCHUYLER.] Don't, father. I'd much rather go alone. I can't bear to see or speak to anybody, I'm so ashamed—I can't face even you.

[*Going toward* L.

ANGELICA.

[*Stopping her* C.] Betsy, take off that hat and stand by him. Are you going to leave that man?

BETSY.

Yes.

ANGELICA.

Good. He doesn't need you. He never needed you less. If you can't appreciate his courage and bravery, you are no fit mate for him. God knows there are few enough men who are willing to sacrifice everything for the truth. If you're going, go. Go and join those men in there who are all waiting to take a peck at him.

SCHUYLER.

Angelica!

ANGELICA.

I know. Alexander's done a wicked, disgraceful thing. That's what makes the difference between a human being and a white-washed saint. I'm a human being myself, and I'm going to wait here for Alexander. [*Enter* ZEKIEL, L.

SCHUYLER.

Well?

ZEKIEL.

It's a lady callin', Mis' Betsy.

BETSY.

[*Interested.*] Who is it?

ZEKIEL.

[*Lamely.*] It's a—Mrs. Reynolds, ma'am.

SCHUYLER AND ANGELICA.

[*Together; indignantly.*] What?

BETSY.

Tell her Mr. Hamilton is out.

ZEKIEL.

She wants to see you, Mis' Betsy.

ANGELICA.

[*Indignant.*] I never in all my life!

SCHUYLER.

[*About to go toward* L.] I'll soon settle her.

BETSY.

Wait a moment, father. I'll see her.

[ZEKIEL *going.*

ANGELICA.

No, no, Zekiel.

BETSY.

[*Firmly.*] Show her in, Zekiel. [ZEKIEL *exits* L.

ANGELICA.

Do you mean to say you're going to see that disgraceful woman?

BETSY.

Yes. Will you and father go away, please?

ANGELICA.

But why? Why do you want to see her?

BETSY.

I want to see what she looks like. Perhaps there's something of the human being in me, too.

SCHUYLER.

Come on, Angelica. [ANGELICA *crosses to* R. *and opens door.*] I've got two daughters and your dear mother at home, but I'll be hanged if I understand the first thing about women.

[*Exeunt* ANGELICA *and* SCHUYLER. BETSY, *in front of harpsichord, waits somewhat nervously. Enter* ZEKIEL *with* MRS. REYNOLDS.

ZEKIEL.

Mrs. Reynolds.

[MRS. REYNOLDS *enters, pretty and demure. She waits for* ZEKIEL *to go, looking to see that he's gone before she speaks.* ZEKIEL *goes off.* BETSY *stands looking at* MRS. REYNOLDS.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[L. C.] You're Mrs. Hamilton, aren't you? Mighty nice of you to see me.

BETSY.

What do you want?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Why—of course, you've seen the newspaper.

BETSY.

Yes.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*With conscious pride.*] Yes, it's made quite a stir, hasn't it? I came because I thought you might feel badly about it. I thought you might feel angry with him.

BETSY.

With whom?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Why, with Mr. Hamilton. I don't see how any one could—he's so nice, but ——

BETSY.

What is it you want to say?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Well, I wouldn't like you to be cross with him. You mustn't blame him because it wasn't his fault.

BETSY.

Whose fault was it?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Well, it was mine in the end, but at first it was Reynolds'.

BETSY.

Reynolds?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Yes, Reynolds arranged it because some of his friends—political gentlemen—wanted to get Mr. Hamilton talked about. And of course when I went I hadn't an idea what he was like—and when I found he was so nice, I half wished I hadn't said I'd

do it. But I'd given my word, you see,—and then you were away, and I'd never seen you. [*Coming closer to look at her.*] *You're* pretty, too, aren't you, only in a different way from me, and older. Don't you hate to think of growing old?

BETSY.

Mrs. Reynolds, have you no sense of right and wrong?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Oh, yes, I know—I know when I'm doing wrong—but you see I have nobody to keep me straight. [*A little to c.*

BETSY.

Do you realize that you have broken this home and ruined a man's life? Isn't the thought of that enough to keep you straight?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Turning and coming back.*] Oh, you're not going to leave him! You can't do that. That's why I came, because I thought you might be cross with him.

BETSY.

Have you no decency? Your name flaming in the newspaper—your shame on the lips of every man and woman in the city!

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Well, yes, of course it is bad in a sense, but then it's different for me to what it is for you, because it does give me a sort of a position. You see I've never had any position before, and now my name being in the paper coupled with Alexander Hamilton ——

BETSY.

[*Stifled.*] Oh ——

MRS. REYNOLDS.

It'll make Reynolds behave a good deal better to me, I know. Mean old thing! Of course you're good, with a good husband, and you don't understand. I suppose everything depends on the way you're brought up, doesn't it? I don't mean to be wicked—I wish I wasn't!

BETSY.

Good-morning, Mrs. Reynolds.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Naively.*] Oh, that means I'm to go. But you won't leave him, will you?

BETSY.

We have nothing more to discuss.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Coming beside her and placing hand on chair.*] Mrs. Hamilton, I didn't want to come here to-day and face you. It took some courage, I can tell you. But when I saw his confession this morning, I reckoned that took some courage too. I knew you had come home and that you'd see it all in the paper, and I made up my mind that you should know it was all a planned thing. I was set on to get him, any way; but when I saw him and spoke to him and he thought I was in trouble and was so kind to me, I just fell in love with him and I didn't mean to let him go.

BETSY.

How can you stand there and tell me that?

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Because I don't want you to be hard on him. He's a good man—but I made up my mind that he shouldn't get away from me, so he isn't to blame, is he?

[*Enter* SCHUYLER *and* ANGELICA *hurriedly,* R. ANGELICA *goes up to* R. C. *at back.* SCHUYLER *remains at door.*

SCHUYLER.

Alexander has left his room. I think it would be better if I let this young woman out by the side door. This way, please.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

[*Crossing, turns to* BETSY.] You won't leave him, will you?

BETSY.

Please go.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

If you only knew more about—women, you'd forgive him.

[MRS. REYNOLDS *exits with* SCHUYLER. *As she notices* SCHUYLER'S *forbidding expression she assumes a nonchalant swagger as she exits.* BETSY *sinks into chair weeping.*

ANGELICA.

[*Coming down to* BETSY.] Did you hear what that woman said?

BETSY.

Yes.

ANGELICA.

I think God put those words into her mouth for you to hear. [*Enter* HAMILTON, L. *He carries the Bill on which he has been working. After a moment's pause.*] Alexander—Betsy —— [HAMILTON *puts his hand up and silences her, looking at* BETSY *as though to say "Let Betsy speak."* BETSY *avoids looking at him and goes off* R., *hurriedly, as though she feared she might break down. Going to him in tears.*] Oh, Alexander, you've wronged her cruelly, but you stuck to the truth.

HAMILTON.

[*Taking her hands.*] It's a great price to pay—but it was the only way—the only way for me. But oh, Angelica . . . I've lost Betsy.

[*They move away a little to* L. *together. Enter* SCHUYLER *door* R.

SCHUYLER.

[*To* R. C.] Alexander, you've got to see these people. There's a whole crowd waiting for you.

HAMILTON.

The wolves are clamoring at the door, eh? Well, they'll die of overfeeding. Who are they?

SCHUYLER.

Jefferson, Monroe, Madison ——

HAMILTON.

Ha! Ha! Of course.

SCHUYLER.

John Jay, Robert Morris, John Marshall, Robert Livingston, and others besides.

HAMILTON.

My friends, too. My friends of yesterday. Well, they are right. Have you seen them?

SCHUYLER.

Not yet. Zekiel tried to get rid of them, but they seem to be waiting with grim determination in there, and won't be moved.

HAMILTON.

In here? [*Going toward doors at back.*] Well, we'll meet them this way. [*Turns at doors.*] You, dear friends, have been my allies —— [*They come to him on either side.*] I release you and I'll stand alone—not very strong, morally or physically, but we won't lose our courage. Angelica, dear girl, you have been too good, too indulgent to me, and not fair to Betsy. [*Coming down a step or two with her.*] Go and give her what comfort you can. She will need it—at first.

ANGELICA.

[*Goes toward door* R.] You'll stay, father?

SCHUYLER.

[*Testily, to cover his emotion.*] Get out, get out! Why should I run away? I'm not a senator, thank God! [*Exit* ANGELICA, R.

HAMILTON.

[*With hand on door* C.] Father, after this, I shall disappear. I shall probably go back to the West Indies where I was born. I will write to you. You will hear from me, but you won't see me. Here's an end to the Federalist Party, and an end to

my ambitions. My home is in ruins, but the honor of my office has been saved.

[*Breaking down. His head drops for a moment on his arms as he holds the handles of the doors. During that moment,* BETSY *enters* R. I E. *She has taken off her outdoor clothes. She comes forward to* HAMILTON *with outstretched arms.*

BETSY.

Alexander?

HAMILTON.

[*Turns to her, amazed; comes down and folds her tenderly in his arms.*] Betsy!

BETSY.

I thought I could be proud and hard, but I can't, dear—I can't.

HAMILTON.

[*Kissing her fervently.*] My dear one! [*Kisses her again. Then to* SCHUYLER, *who has come down* R. *of them.*] Father, will you take Betsy, till this [*indicating toward* C. *doors*] is over?

BETSY.

No, Alexander. Let me stand by you.

HAMILTON.

[*Kisses her hand and she moves down* R. *He becomes a different man and going up he throws open the great centre doors. The room beyond is brilliantly lighted and the entire scene is lighted up. There is a murmur of conversation. The room beyond is filled with men—about a dozen or more; some are seated. Present are* MARSHALL, MORRIS,

JAY, JEFFERSON, MONROE, LIVINGSTON, MADISON, MUHLENBURG, *etc.*] Gentlemen, good-morning! [*He bows and they bow to him.*] I regret that it was necessary for me to keep you waiting, but the publication of the morning paper did not immediately relieve me of my duties as Secretary of the Treasury and I had pressing work. But now, gentlemen, I am here for your consumption.

[*Comes down* R. JEFFERSON *comes down* C. MONROE *behind him to* L., JAY *to* R. *inside doors. Others form group in centre at doors. Curtain warning.*

JEFFERSON.

Colonel Hamilton, you see before you political adherents, and political opponents—friends and foes. But I have been requested to act as spokesman, and to express ——

HAMILTON.

Mr. Jefferson, I know how painful must be the duty which has fallen upon you. Let me relieve you of it. I am glad you are here—both friends and foes. I know the object of your visit. You have come in advance of President Washington's orders to relieve me of my office. You are justified, and I have no excuses to offer. I am pained and ashamed at this inglorious end of my career. But at least I must still have the courage of my political opinions. Since early morning I have been working to clarify this document. It is the Bill of the Government Assumption of States' Debts without which this country has no honor. It will now be ignominiously defeated, but it is my conviction that the sense of justice of my opponents will one day

compel its adoption, and so, Mr. Jefferson, I deliver it into your hands, sir, for safe keeping.

[*Hands document.*

JEFFERSON.

[*Without taking document.*] Alexander Hamilton, you have mistaken our mission. I have been asked to tell you that every man in this room—every man in the Cabinet, every man in the Senate—is anxious to take you by the hand.

MONROE.

[*Coming forward and taking his hand.*] Their admiration for your courage has overwhelmed their knowledge of your indiscretion. You need have no fear for your Bill now, Colonel Hamilton; your action will swing the whole country. I trust I know how to appreciate courage and how to acknowledge defeat.

[*Retires to* L. *Enter at back from* L. *two military aides. They remain in outer room and salute* HAMILTON. COLONEL LEAR *follows them and comes down* C.

JAY.

Here is Colonel Lear.

HAMILTON.

Colonel Lear. You come from President Washington?

LEAR.

[*Saluting.*] Colonel Hamilton, I have the honor to announce that President Washington has left the executive mansion and is now on his way here to express to you in person the high opinion he holds of your integrity. [*Salutes and retires to* JAY.

JEFFERSON.

Citizen Hamilton, our political opinions may differ in the future as in the past, but my impression of your conduct in this matter will remain glowing and unchangeable. It is the bravest thing a man ever did. Your vindication of the honor of the Secretary of the Treasury, the servant of the Nation, at the expense of the honor of Alexander Hamilton, the man, is a display of personal courage that will rouse the admiration of the world. Citizen Hamilton, I am proud to take your hand.

[*Shakes him by the hand. There is a buzz of approval.*

HAMILTON.

Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Monroe, gentlemen. I am deeply moved by the expression of your sentiment toward me, but your decision to support this bill has stirred within me a still deeper feeling. By that decision you have established the credit and the honor of the United States. You have opened the flood-gates of prosperity, a prosperity that will reach far beyond our present vision, a prosperity that will one day make America the market of the world. This is what I have striven for, and so, gentlemen, I tender you my felicitations and my thanks. [*Turns to* BETSY.

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